The DUENNA
or
Double Elopement
A
Comic Opera.

as performed at

The Theatres Royal Drury Lane, & Covent Garden.

Composed & Selected by

T. LINLEY.

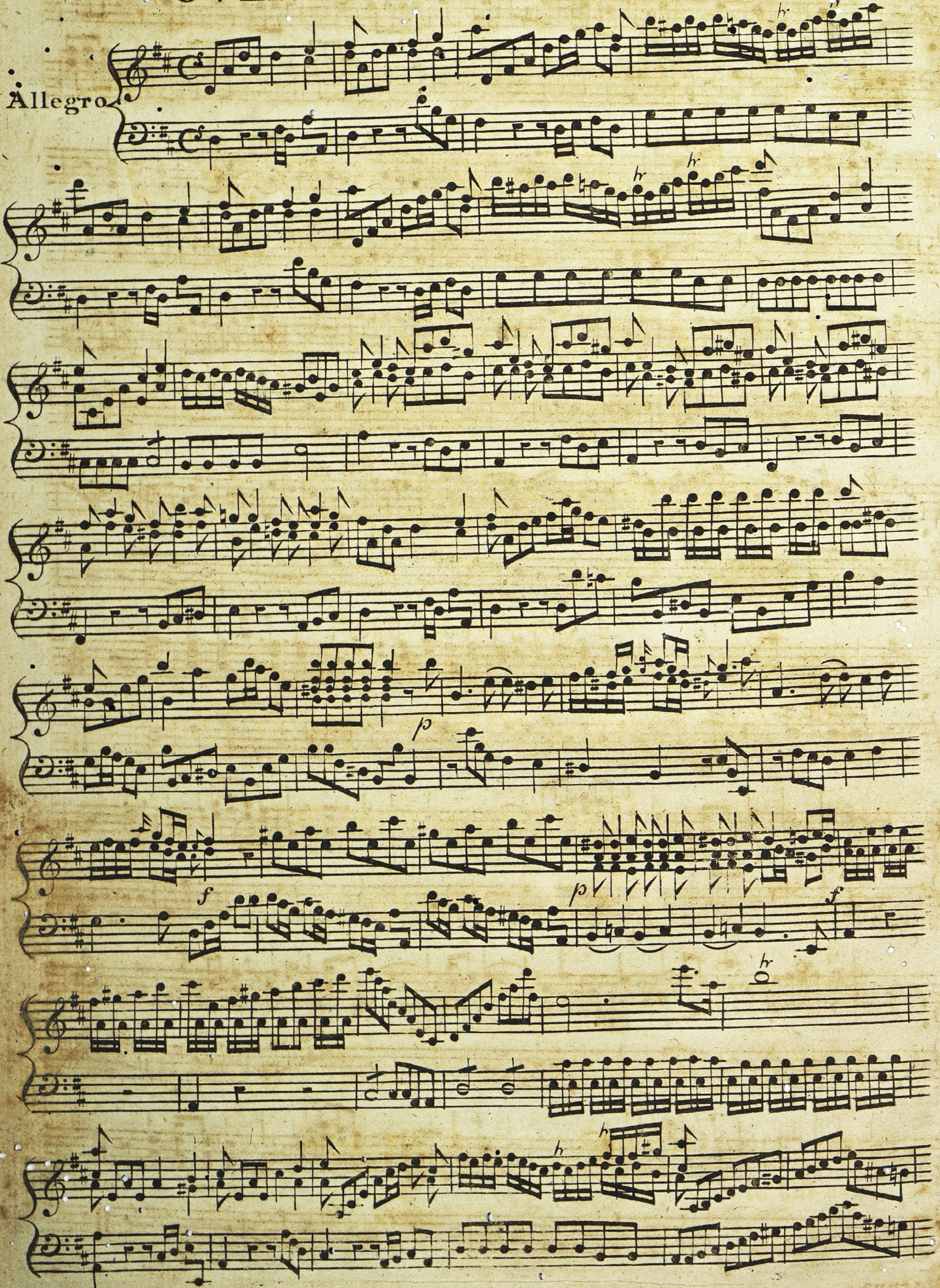
Price 8s.

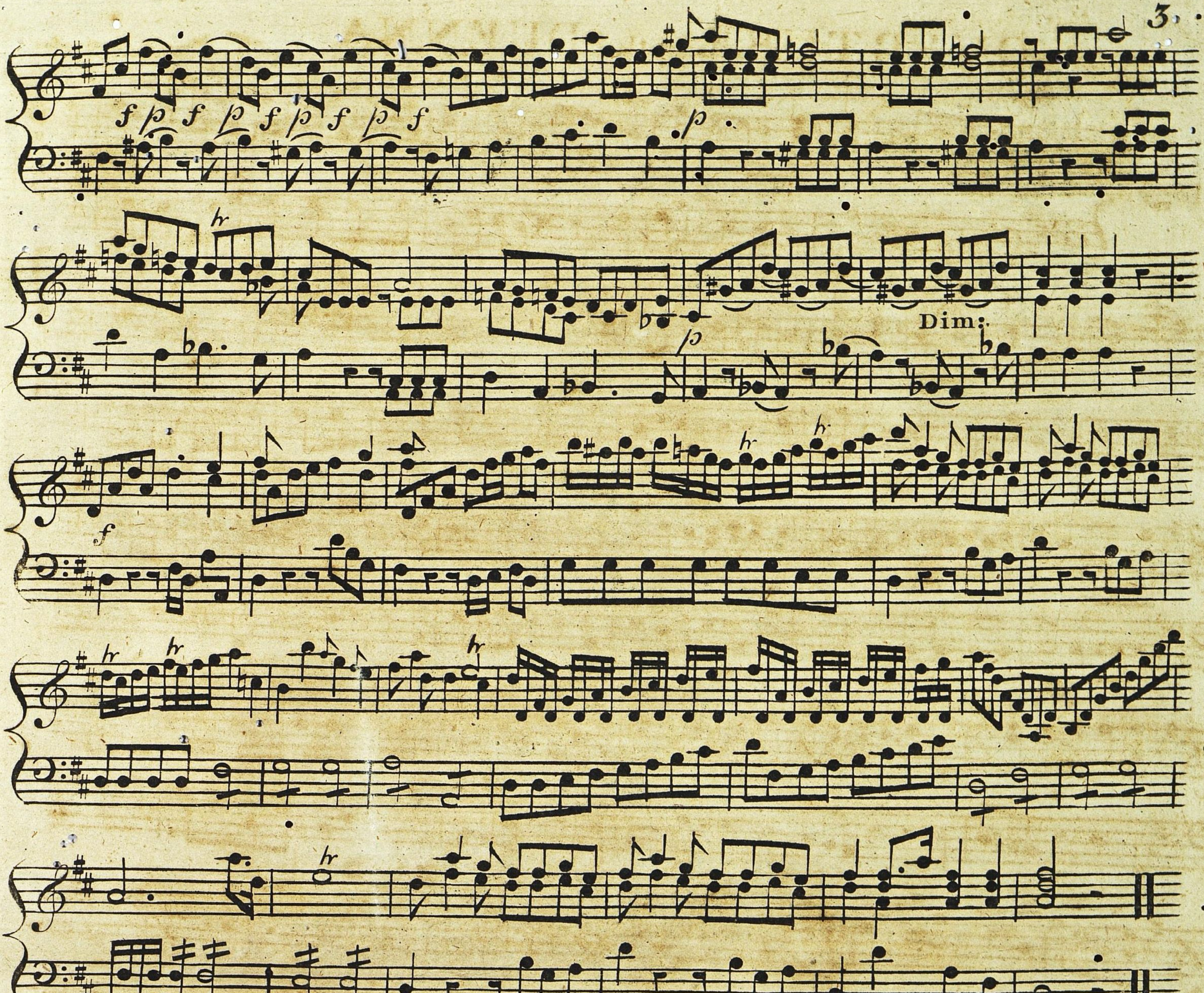
London Printed for J. Dale at his Warehouses No. 19 Cornhill, opposite the Royal Exchange

& the corner of Holles Street, Oxford Street.

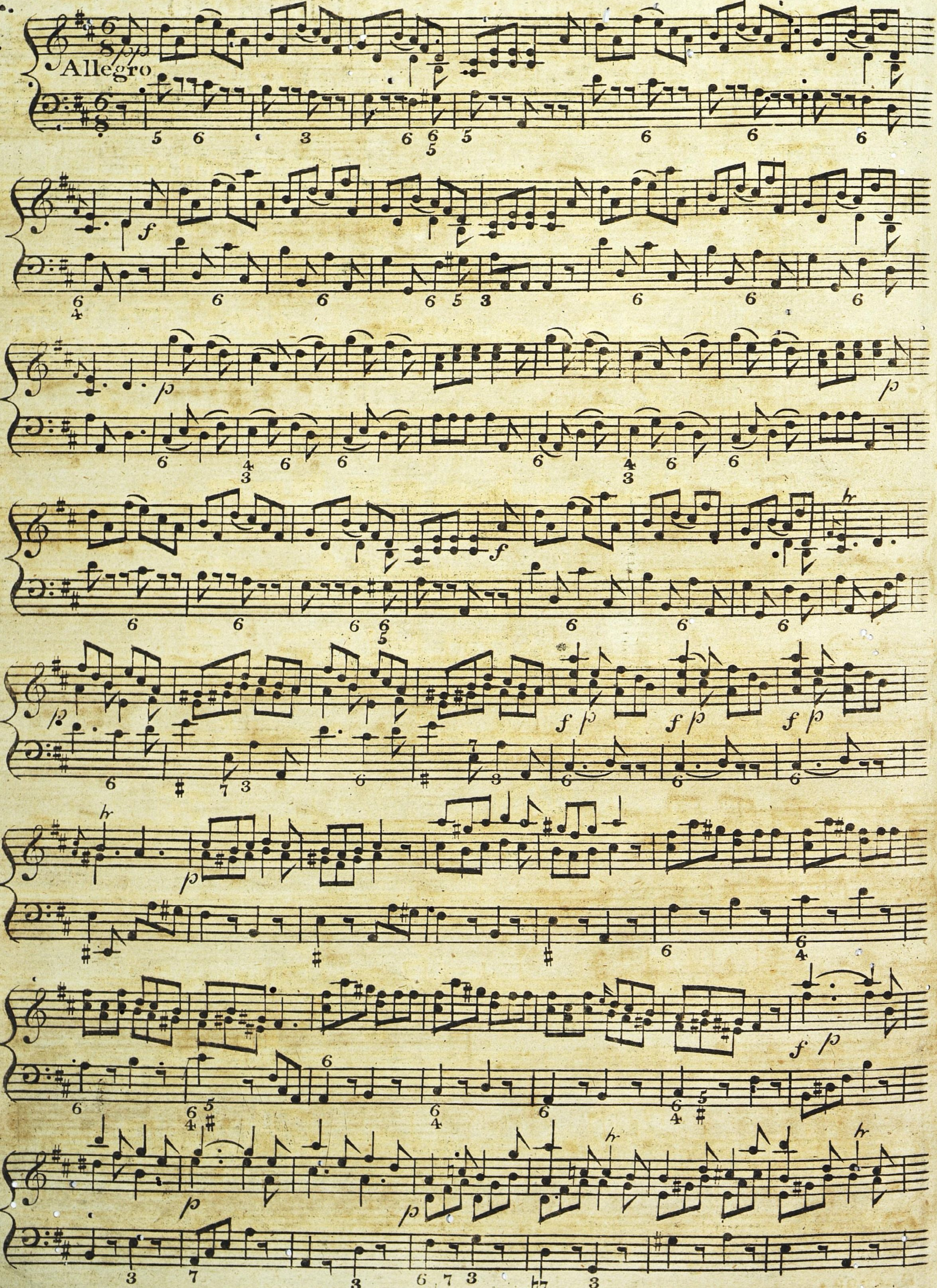
Also at No. 151 New Bond Street, opposite Clifford Street.

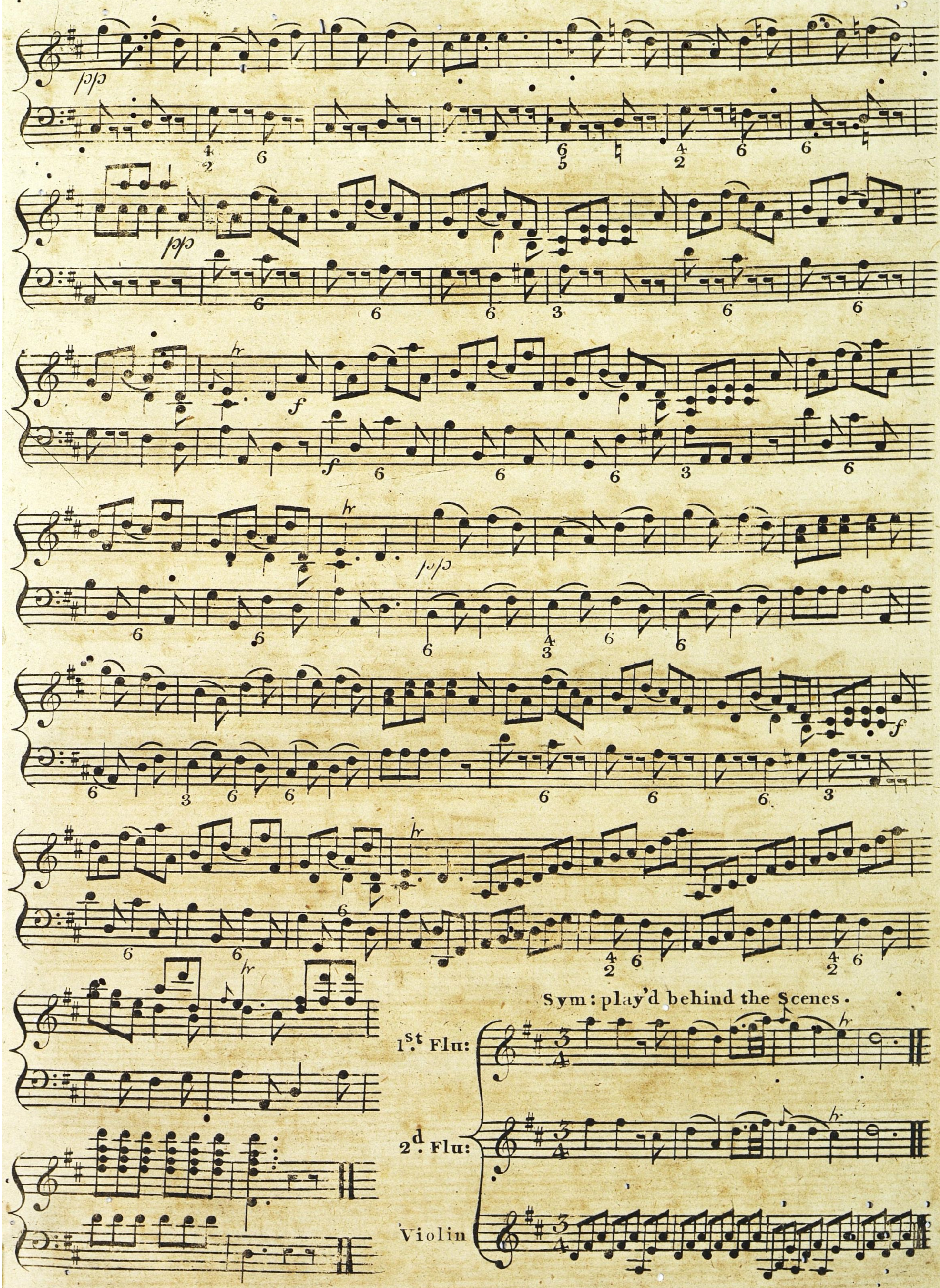
OVERTURE in the DUENNA



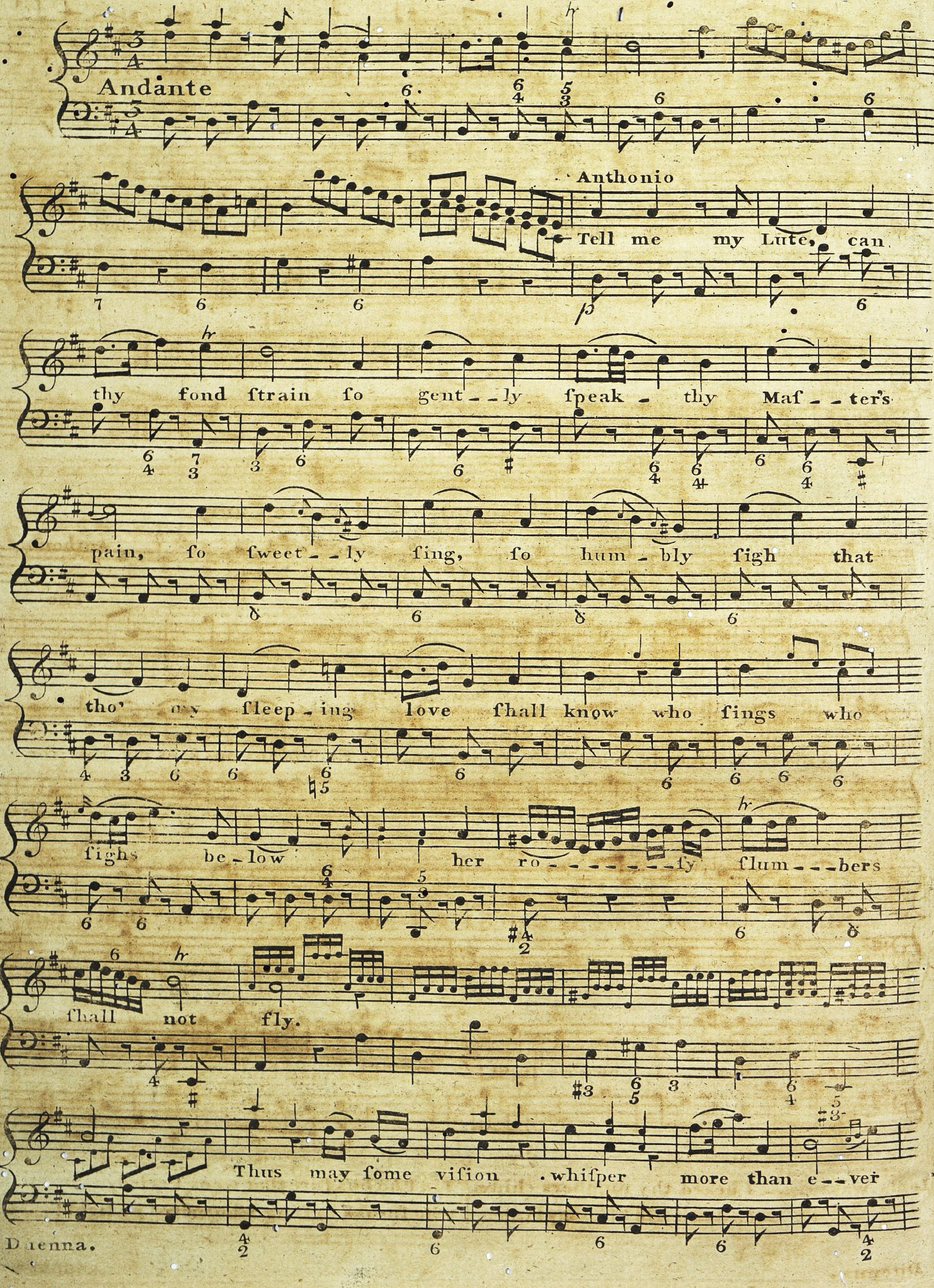

f p f p f p f p f
p
Dim:
f
Segue
Adagio
Volti
Duenna

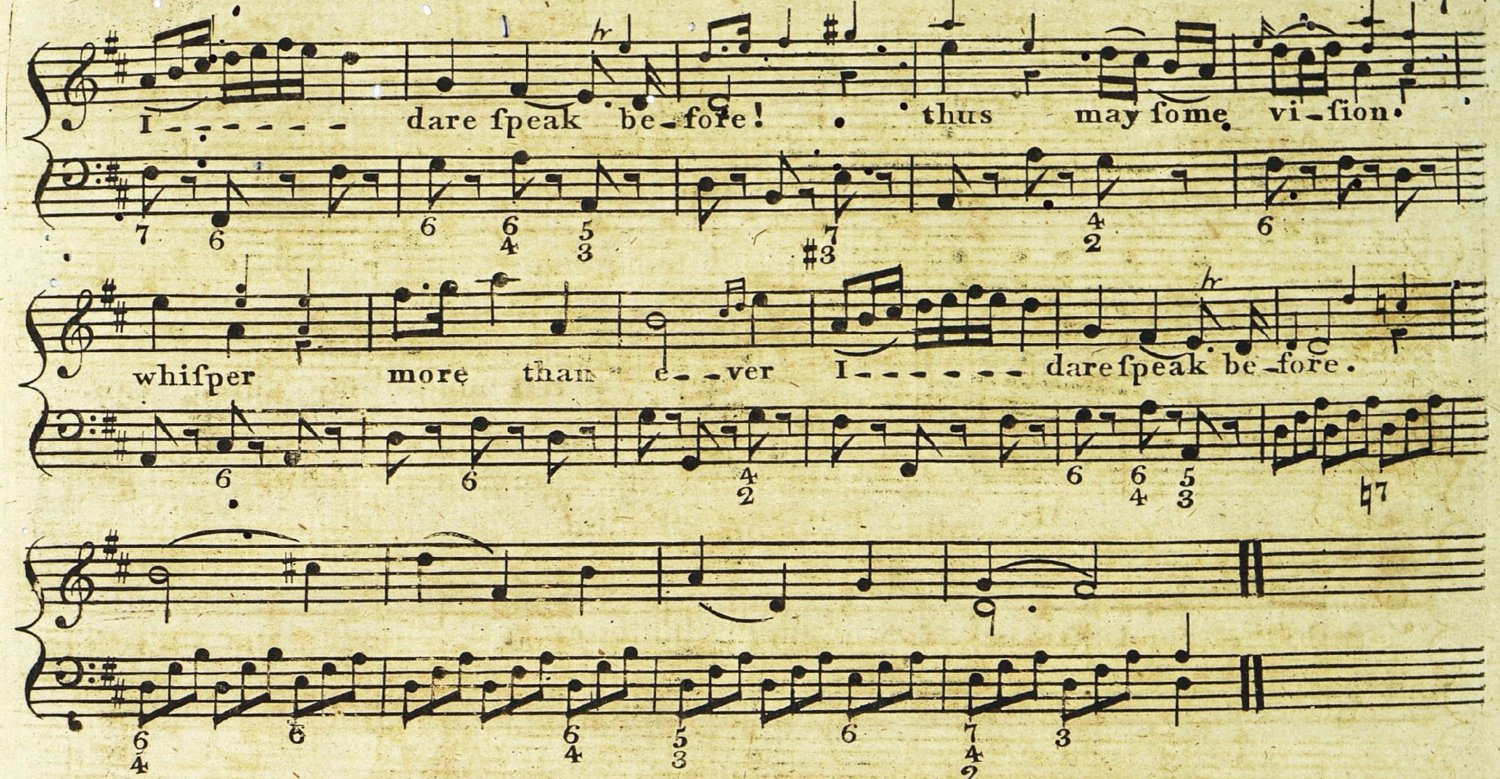
Rondeau



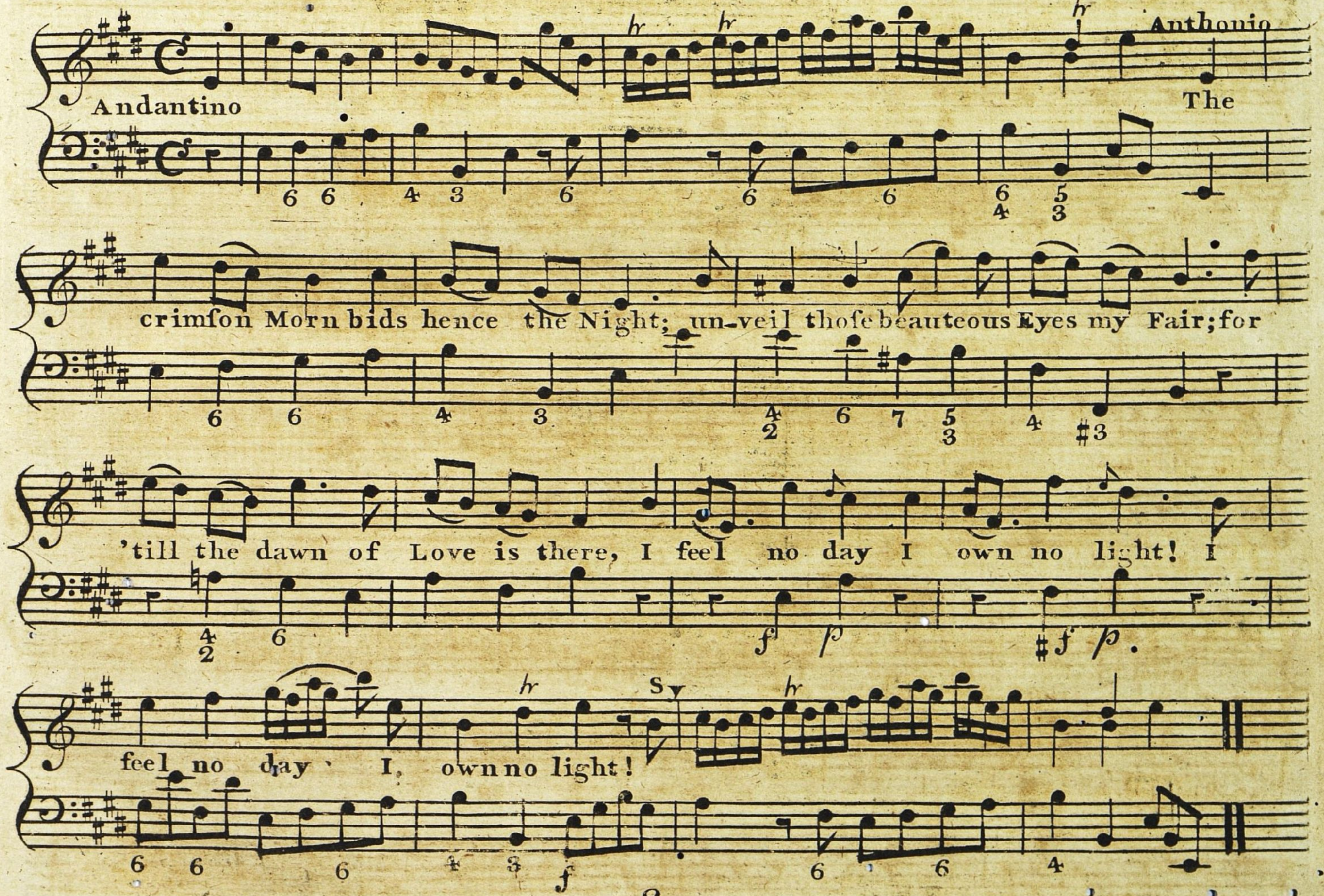

Sym: play'd behind the Scenes.
1st. Flu:
2d. Flu:
Violin

SERENADE. Sung by Mr. Dignum.





Sung by Mr. Dignum & Miſs De Camp.

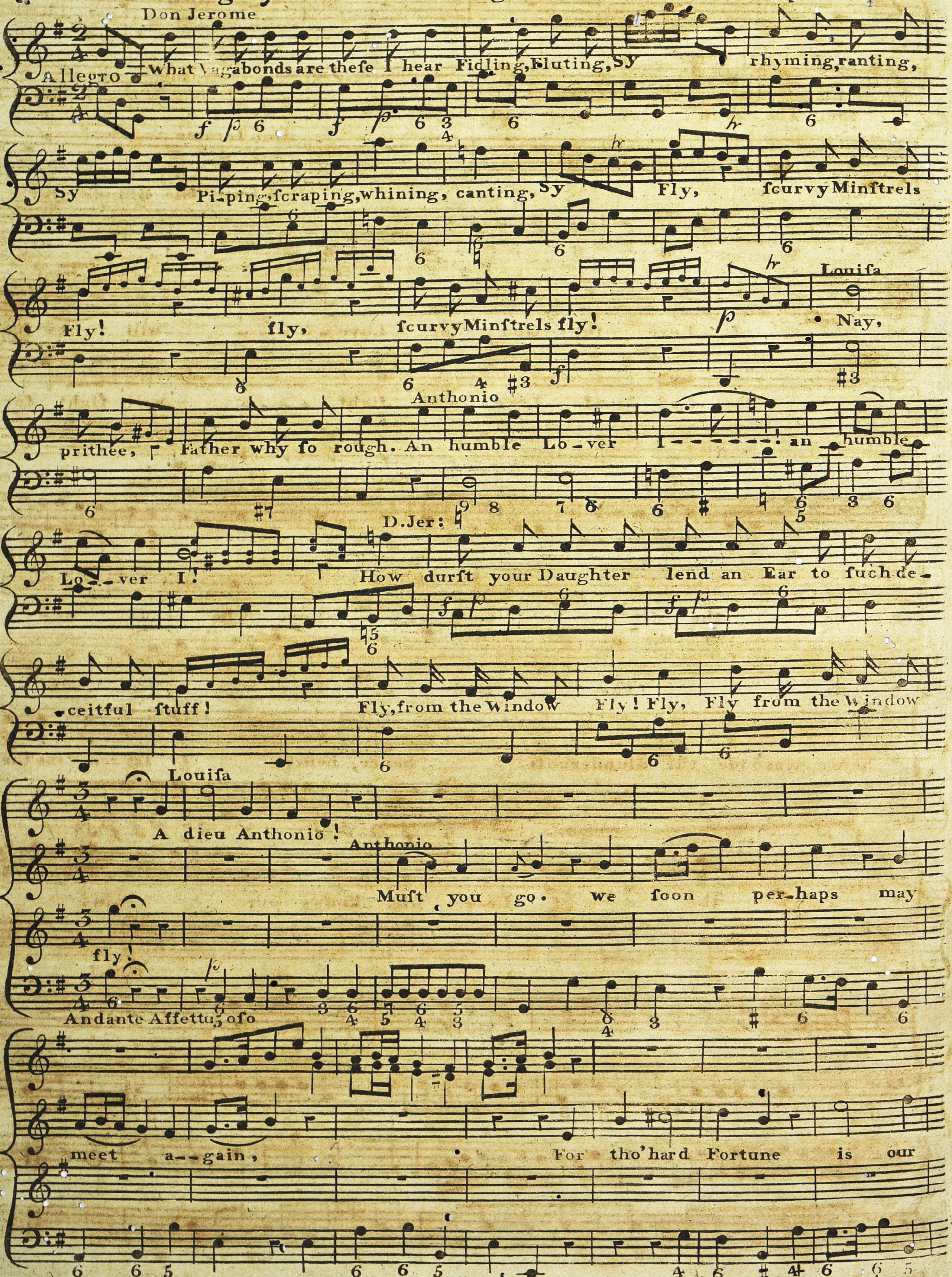


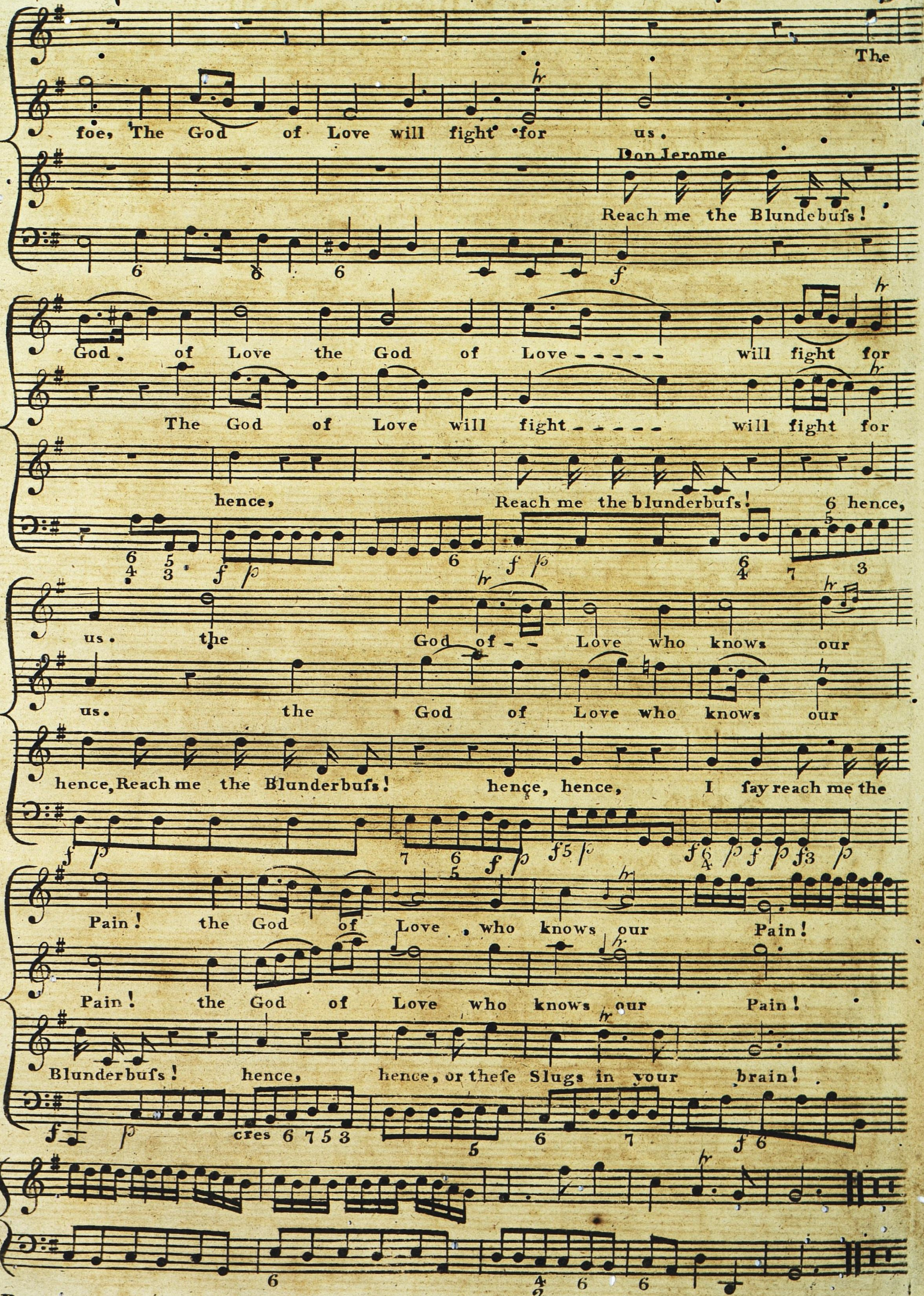
2

Louiſa. Waking -- I heard thy numbers chide,
Waking -- the dawn did bleſs my ſight;

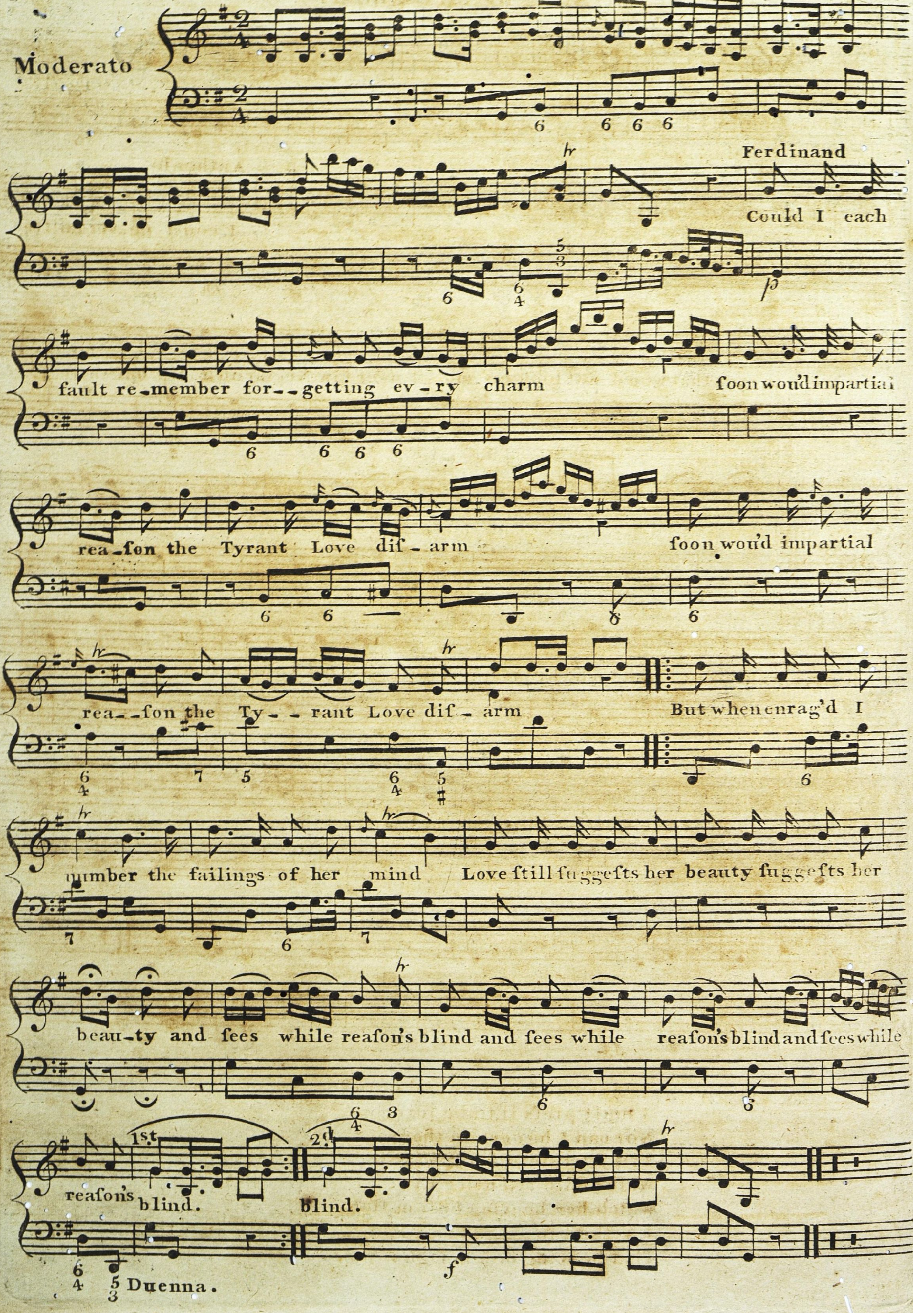
'Tis Phœbus ſure that woos I cried,
who ſpeaks in ſong, who moves in light!

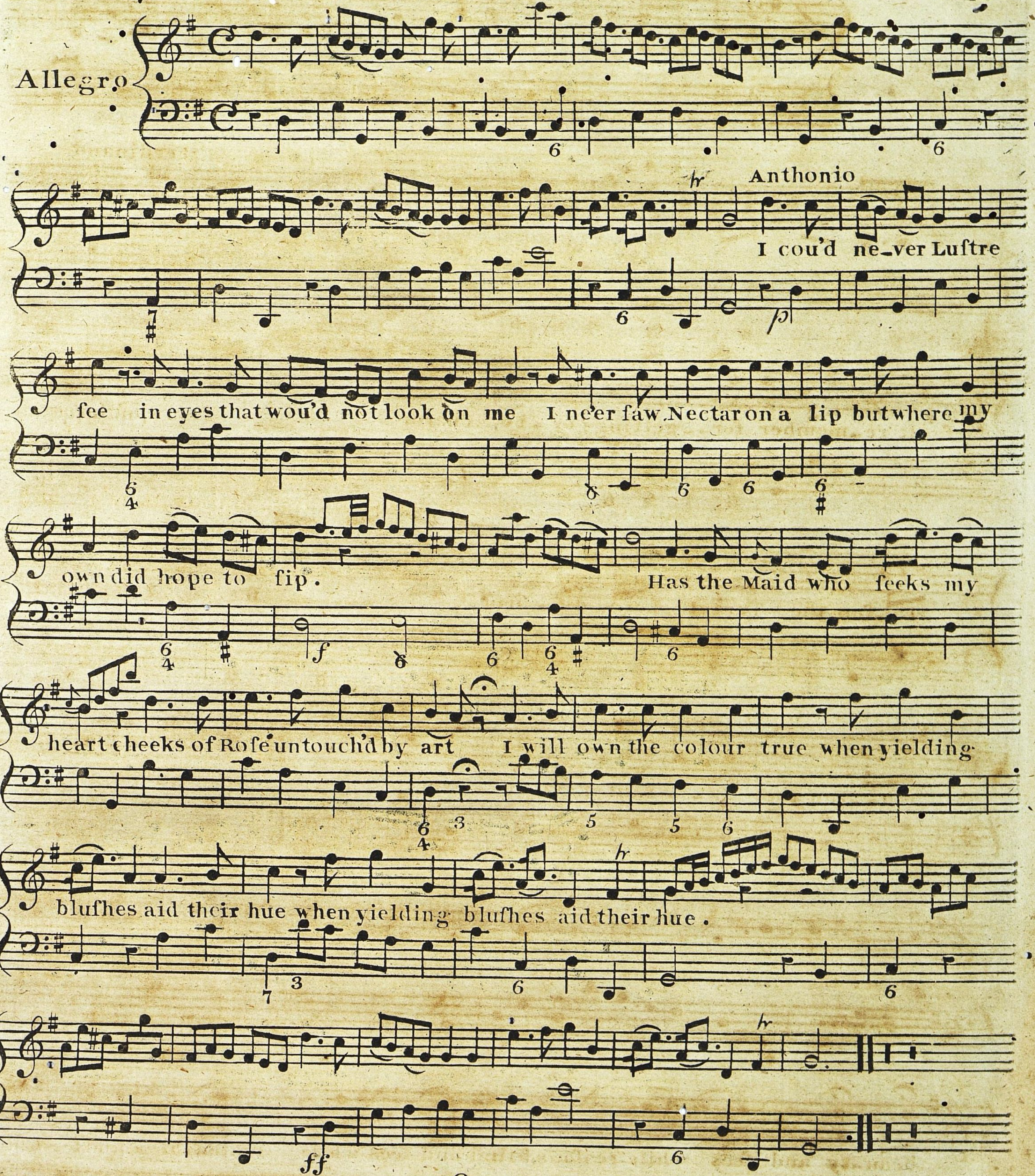
Sung by Mr. Suett Mr. Dignum & Miss De Camp.




The
foe, The God of Love will fight for us.
Don Jerome
Reach me the Blundebufs!
God of Love the God of Love - - - - - will fight for
The God of Love will fight - - - - - will fight for
hence, Reach me the blunderbufs! hence,
us. the God of - - Love who knows our
us. the God of Love who knows our
hence, Reach me the Blunderbufs! hence, hence, I fay reach me the
Pain! the God of Love, who knows our Pain!
Pain! the God of Love who knows our Pain!
Blunderbufs! hence, hence, or thefe Slugs in your brain!
cres

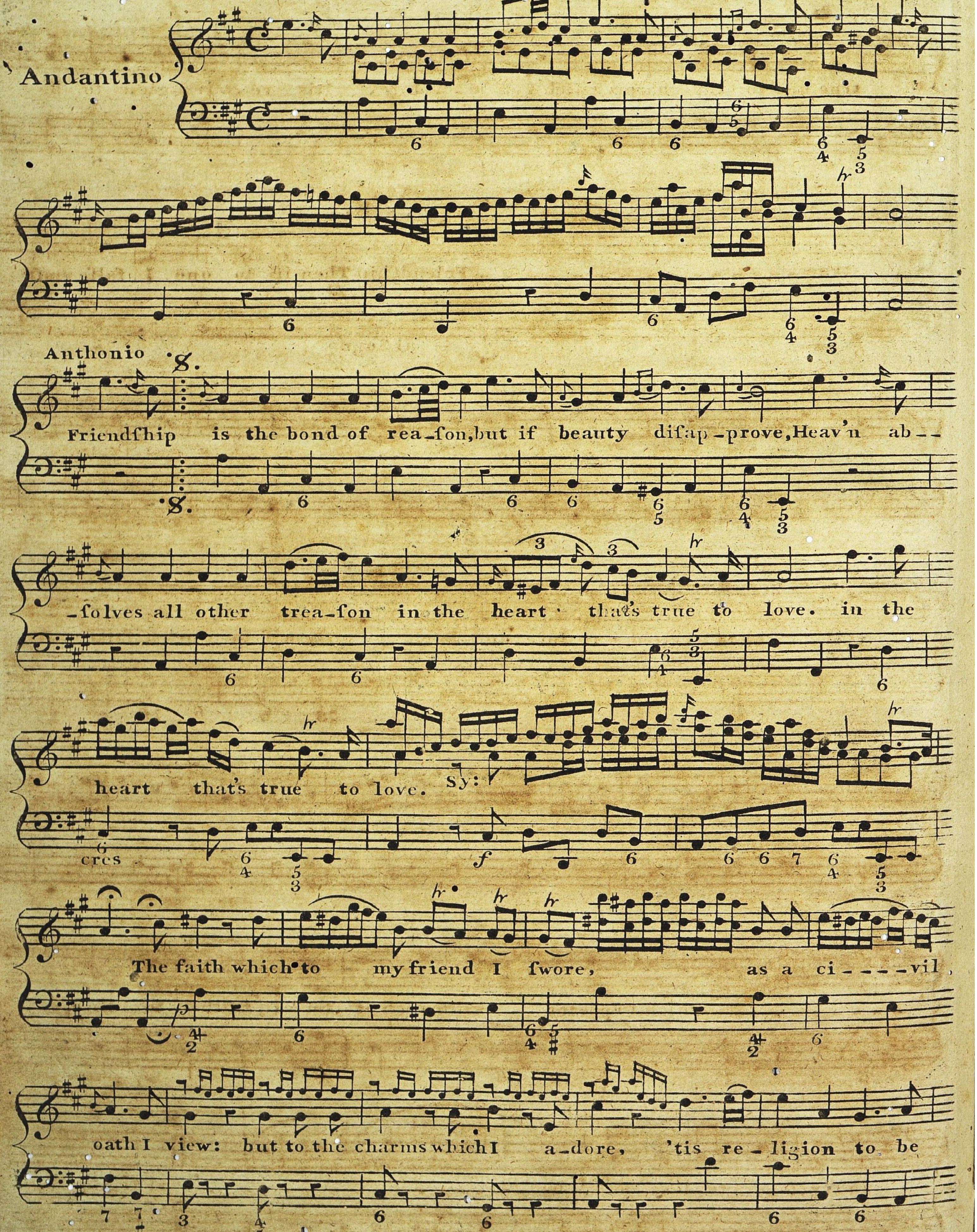
Sung by Mr. De Camp.

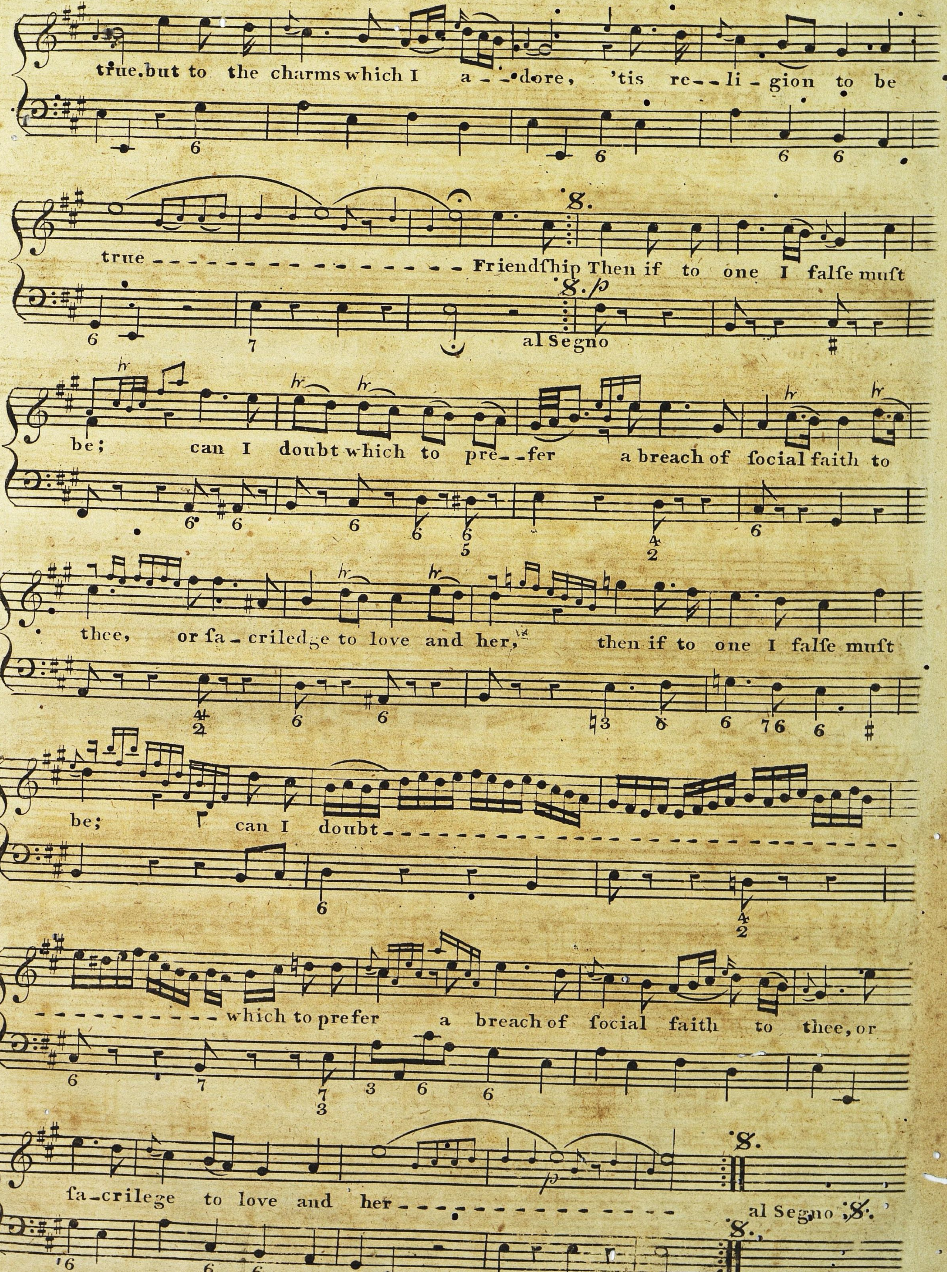




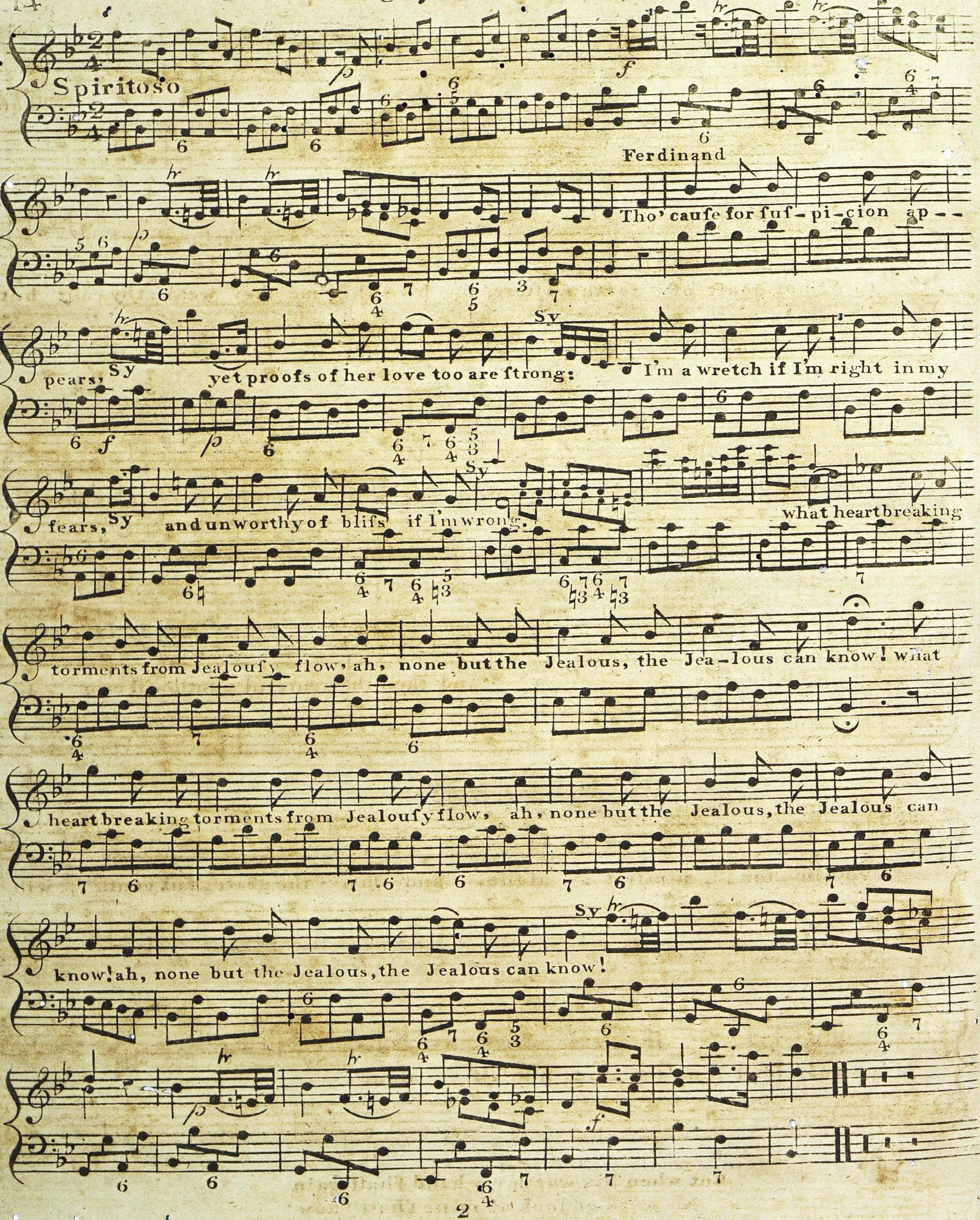
2

Is her hand fo foft and pure?
I muft prefs it, to be fure:
Nor can I be certain then;
Till it gratefull prefs again.
Muft I with attentive Eye
Watch her heaving bofom figh.
I will do fo ___ when I fee
That heaving bofom figh for me.

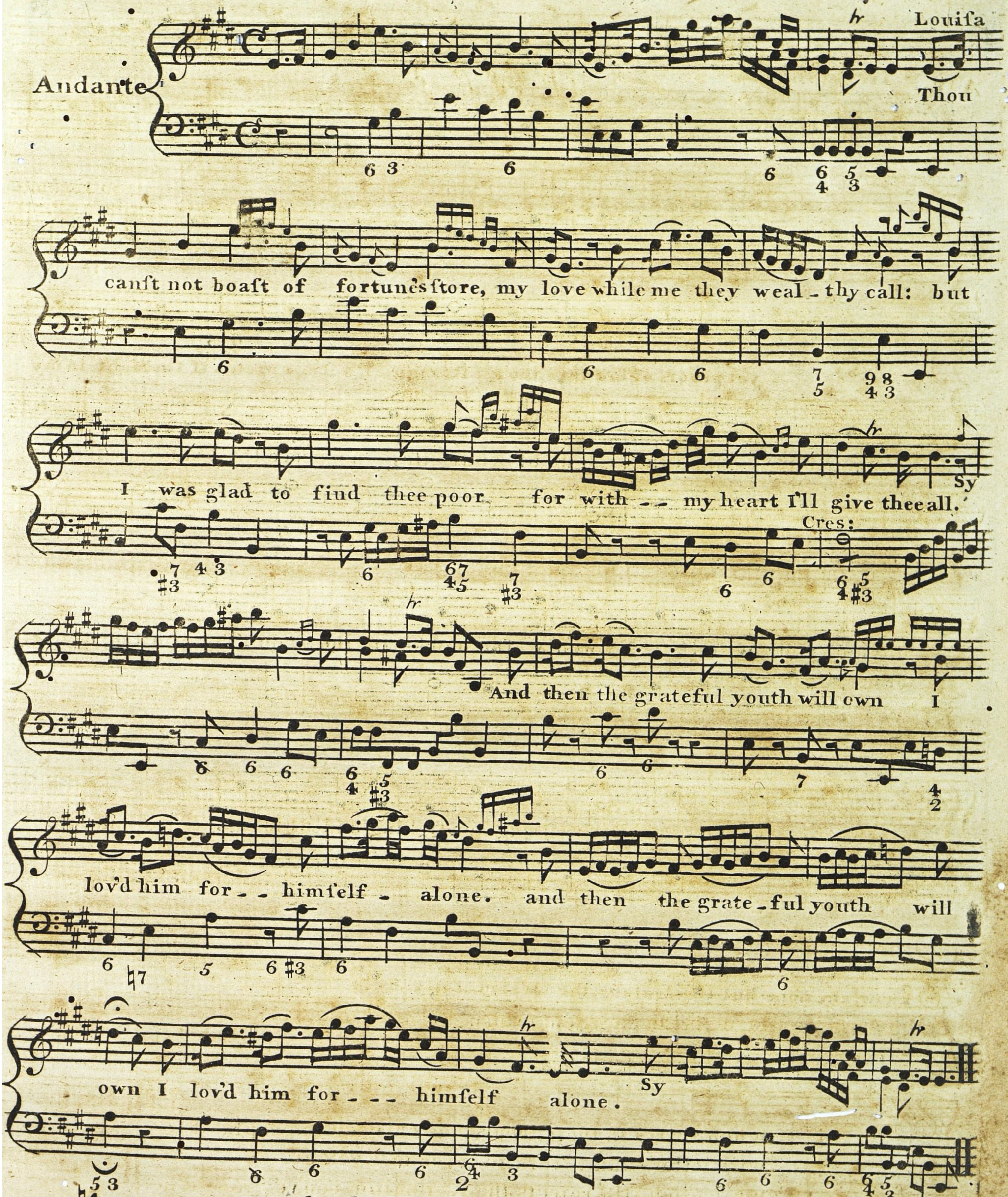

Andantino
Anthonio
Friendſhip is the bond of rea_ſon, but if beauty diſap_prove, Heav'n ab__
_ſolves all other trea_ſon in the heart that's true to love. in the
heart that's true to love.
Sy:
cres
f
The faith which to my friend I ſwore, as a ci_ _ _ _vil
oath I view: but to the charms which I a_dore, 'tis re_ligion to be


true, but to the charms which I a - dore, 'tis re - li - gion to be
true - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Friendſhip Then if to one I falſe muſt
al Segno
be; can I doubt which to pre - fer a breach of ſocial faith to
thee, or ſa - criledge to love and her, then if to one I falſe muſt
be; can I doubt -
- - - - - - - - - which to prefer a breach of ſocial faith to thee, or
ſa - crilege to love and her - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - al Segno

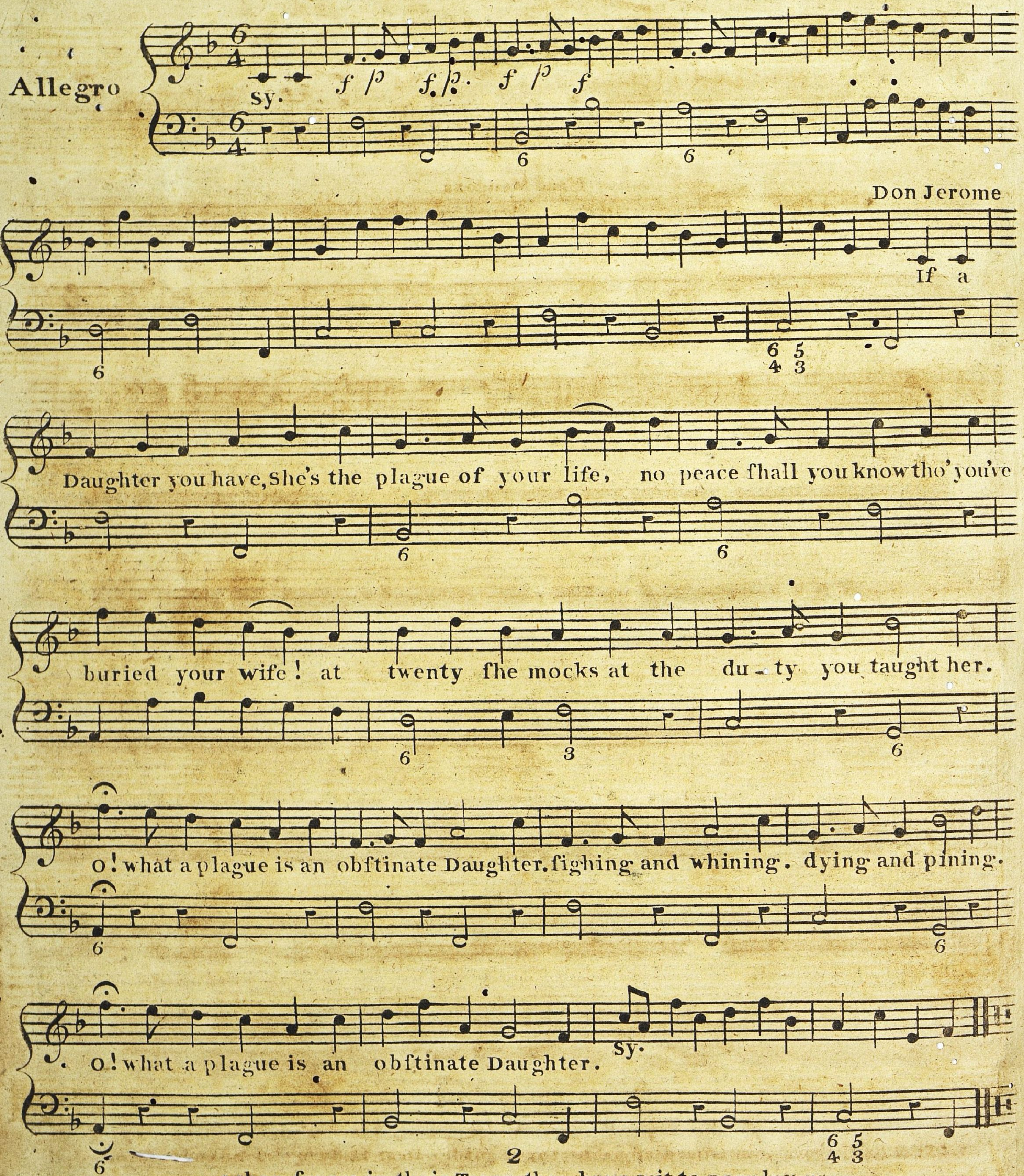
Sung by Mr. De Camp.



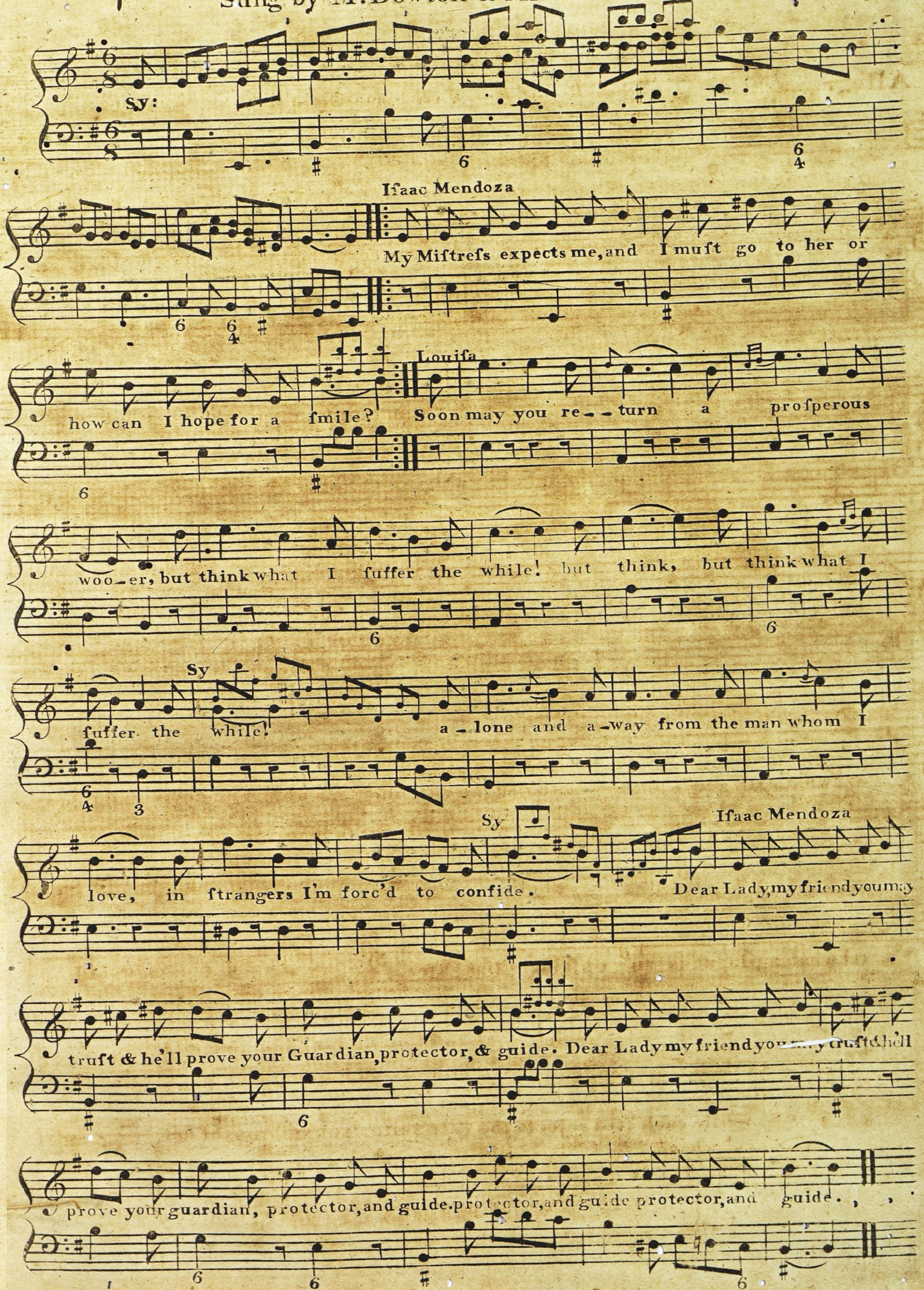
When bleft with the fmiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore
Thofe fmiles let another but fhare,
And I wonder I priz'd them no more!
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the falfer fhe feems, ftill the fonder I grow!



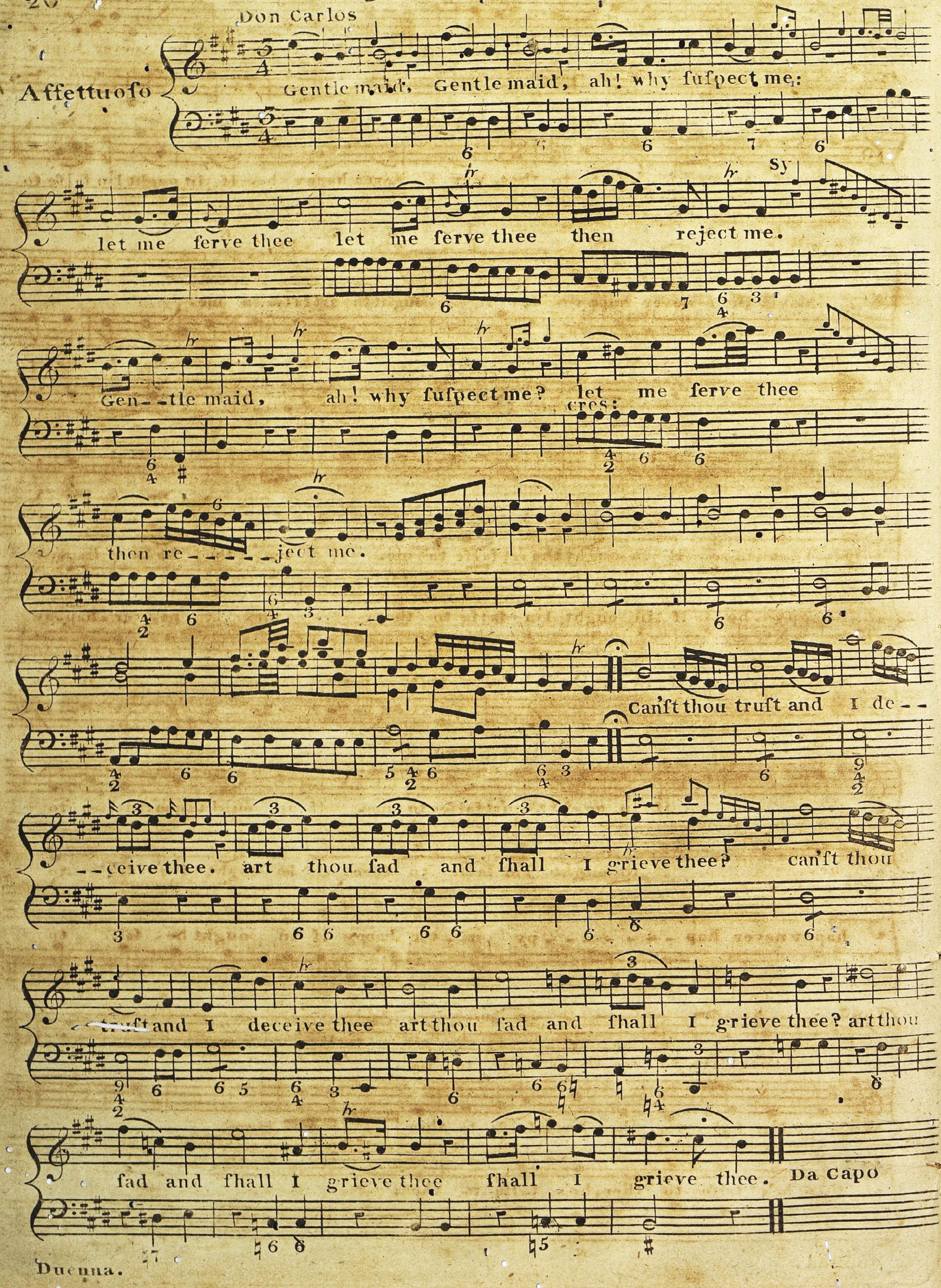
But when his worth my hand ſhall gain
No word or look of mine ſhall ſhow
That I the ſmalleſt thought retain
Of what my bounty did beſtow:
Yet ſtill his grateful heart ſhall own,
I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

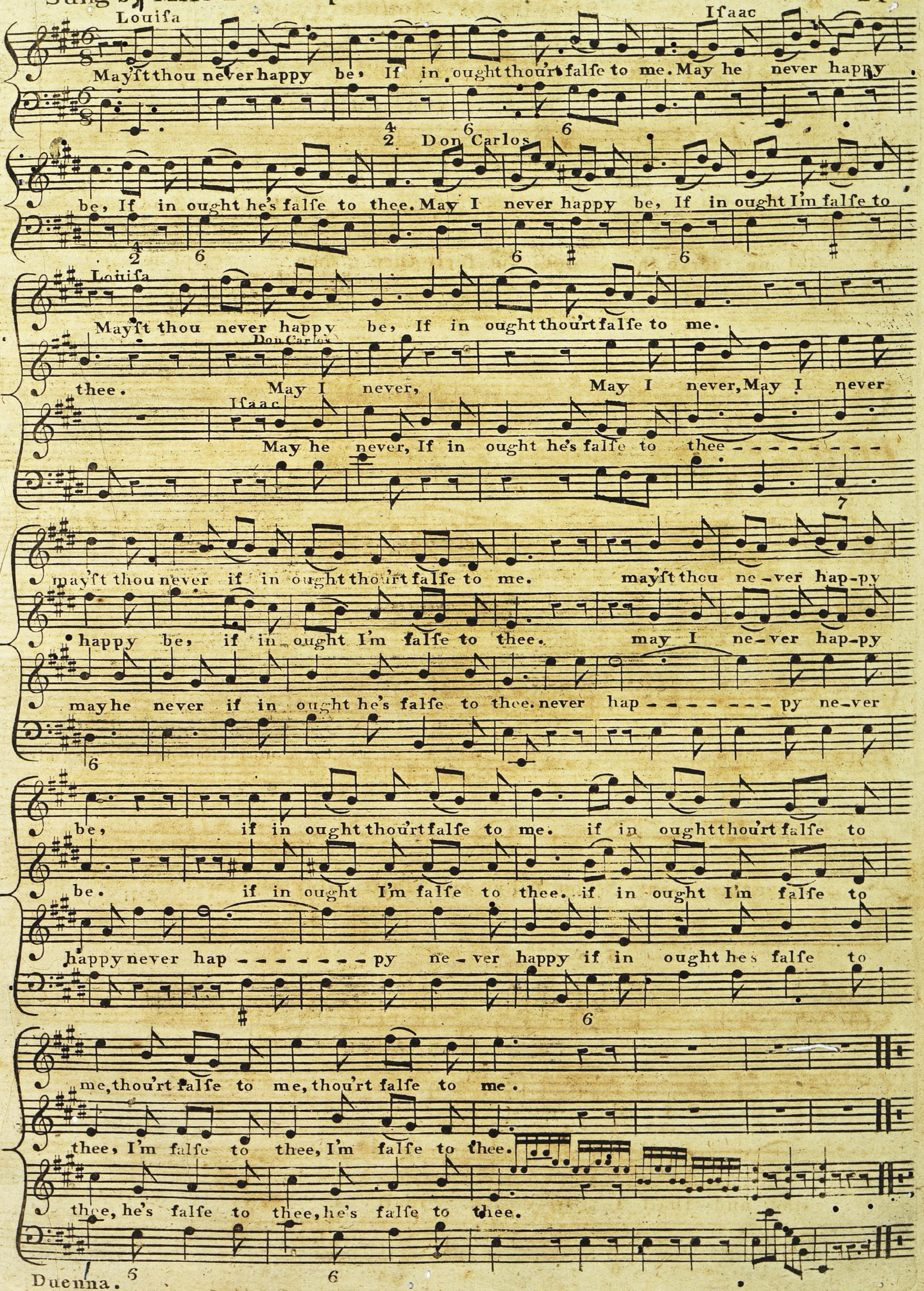


When ſcarce in their Teens, they have wit to perplex us,
with letters and lovers, for ever they vex us.
While each ſtill rejects the Fair Suitor you've brought her,
O! what a plague is an obſtinate Daughter,
Jangling and wrangling,
Flouting and pouting.
O! what a plague &c.

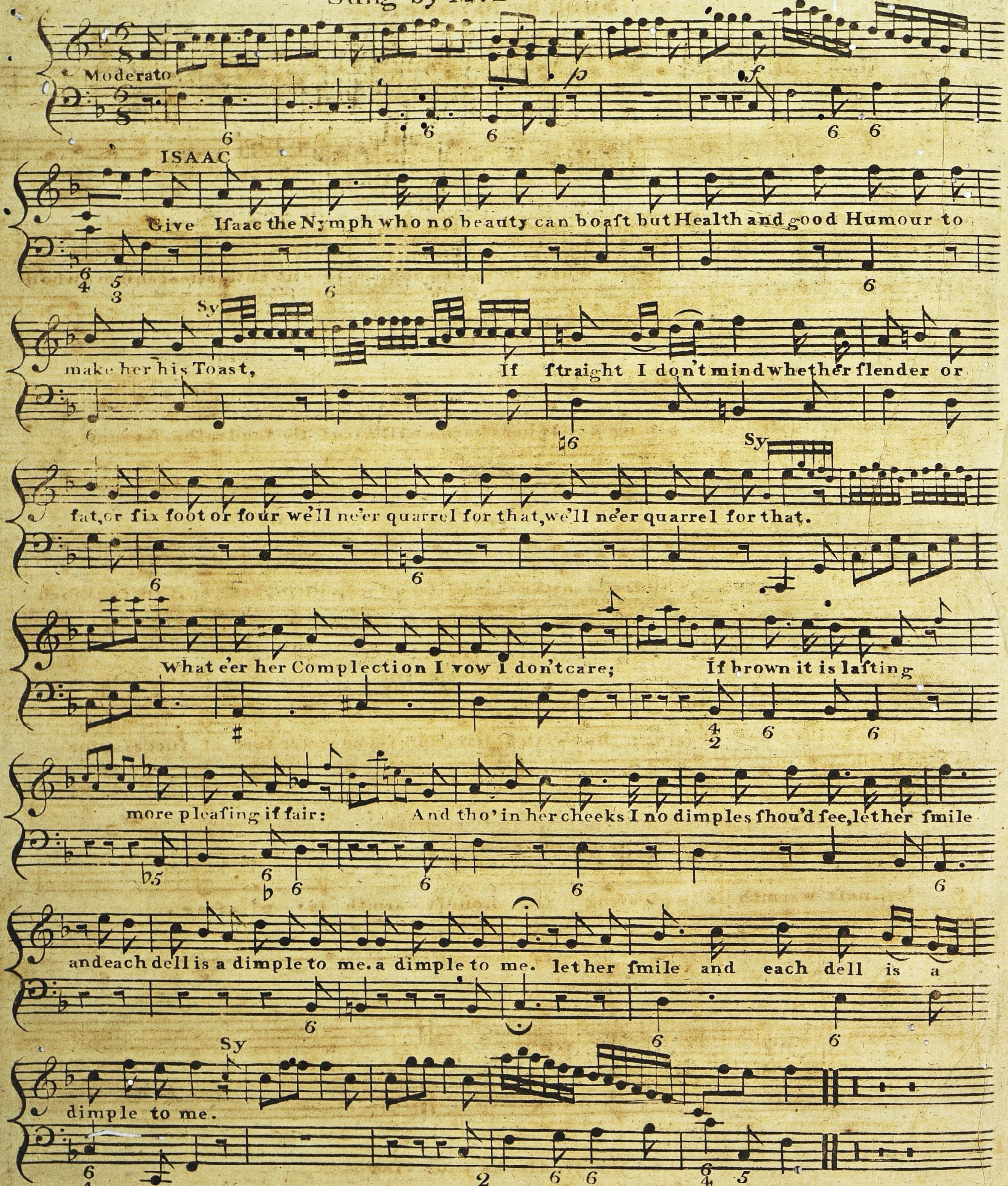

Sy:
Iſaac Mendoza
My Miſtreſs expects me, and I muſt go to her or
how can I hope for a ſmile?
Louiſa
Soon may you re--turn a proſperous
woo-er, but think what I ſuffer the while! but think, but think what I
Sy
ſuffer the while! a-lone and a-way from the man whom I
Sy
Iſaac Mendoza
love, in ſtrangers I'm forc'd to confide. Dear Lady, my friend you may
truſt & he'll prove your Guardian, protector, & guide. Dear Lady my friend you may truſt & he'll
prove your guardian, protector, and guide. protector, and guide protector, and guide.

Sung by M^rs. Mountain.

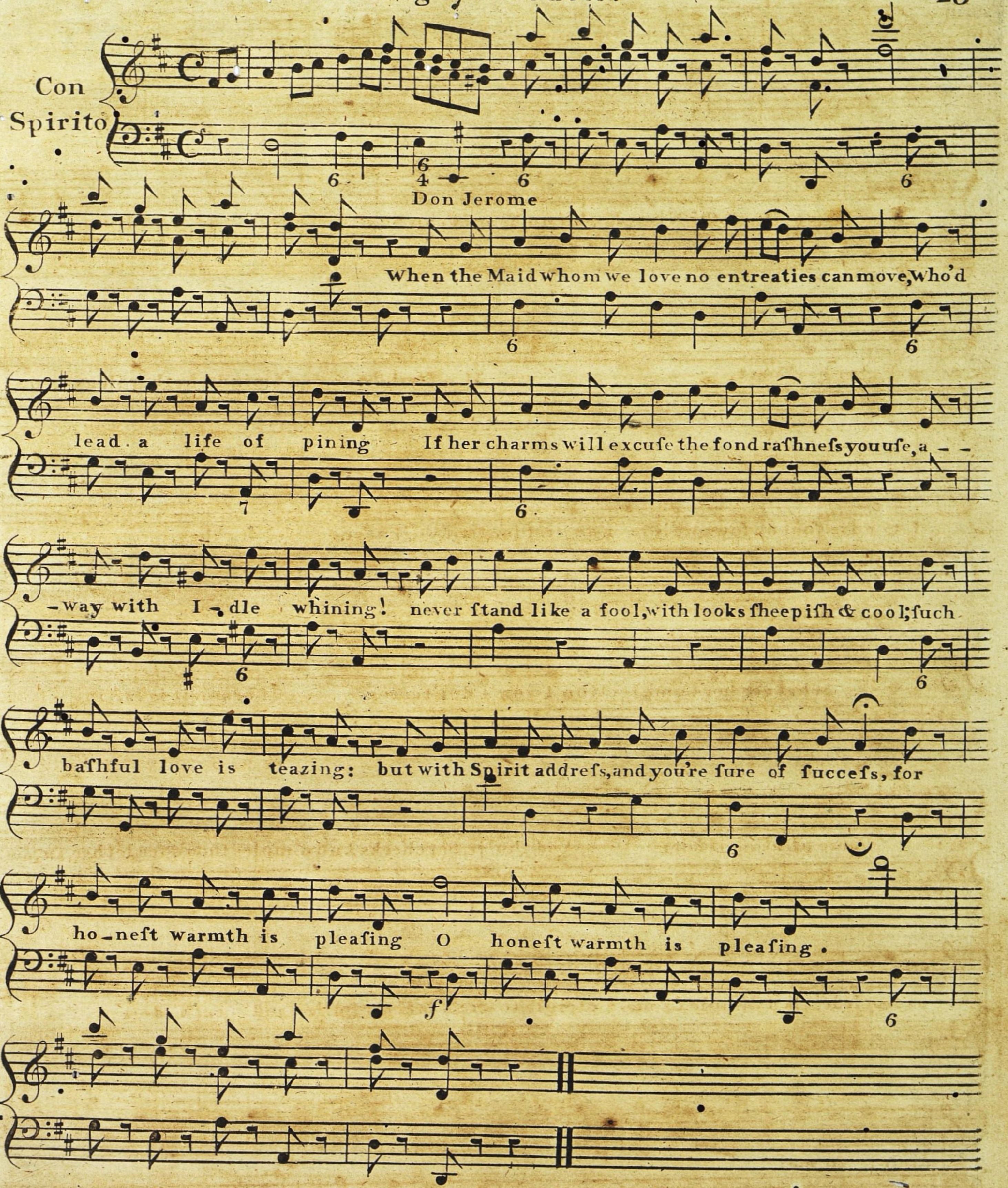



Louisa
Isaac
Mayſt thou never happy be, If in ought thou'rt falſe to me. May he never happy
be, If in ought he's falſe to thee. May I never happy be, If in ought I'm falſe to
Don Carlos
Louisa
Mayſt thou never happy be, If in ought thou'rt falſe to me.
Don Carlos
thee. May I never, May I never, May I never
Isaac
May he never, If in ought he's falſe to thee
mayſt thou never if in ought thou'rt falſe to me. mayſt thou ne-ver hap-py
happy be, if in ought I'm falſe to thee. may I ne-ver hap-py
may he never if in ought he's falſe to thee. never hap - py ne-ver
be, if in ought thou'rt falſe to me. if in ought thou'rt falſe to
be. if in ought I'm falſe to thee. if in ought I'm falſe to
happy never hap - py ne-ver happy if in ought he's falſe to
me, thou'rt falſe to me, thou'rt falſe to me.
thee, I'm falſe to thee, I'm falſe to thee.
thee, he's falſe to thee, he's falſe to thee.

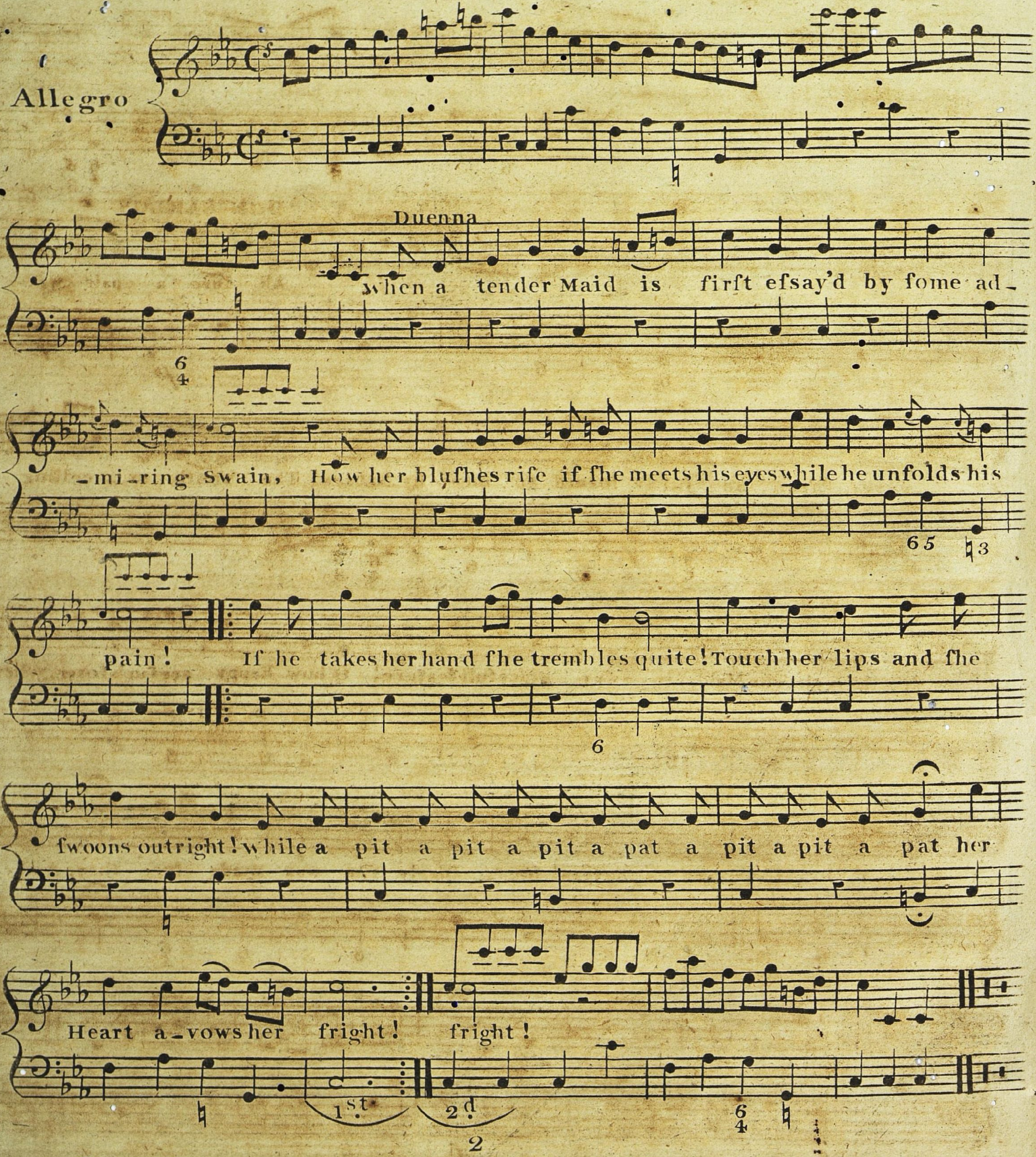
Sung by Mr. Dowton.



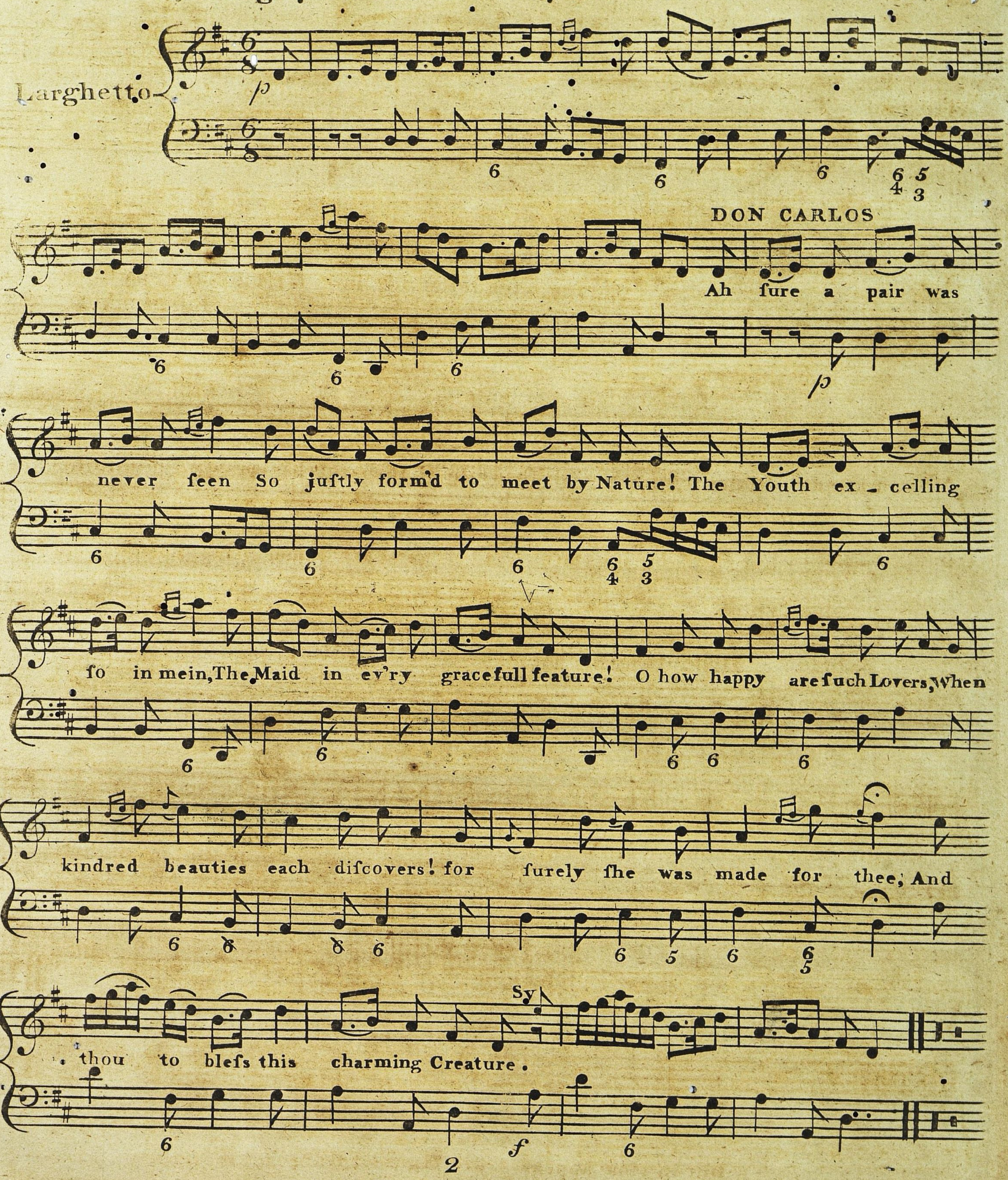
Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be — faith any Colour but green;
For in eyes tho' so various, the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two:
Tis true I'd dispense with a Throne on her back,
And white Teeth I own, are genteeler than black:
A little round Chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire — she may'nt have a Beard.



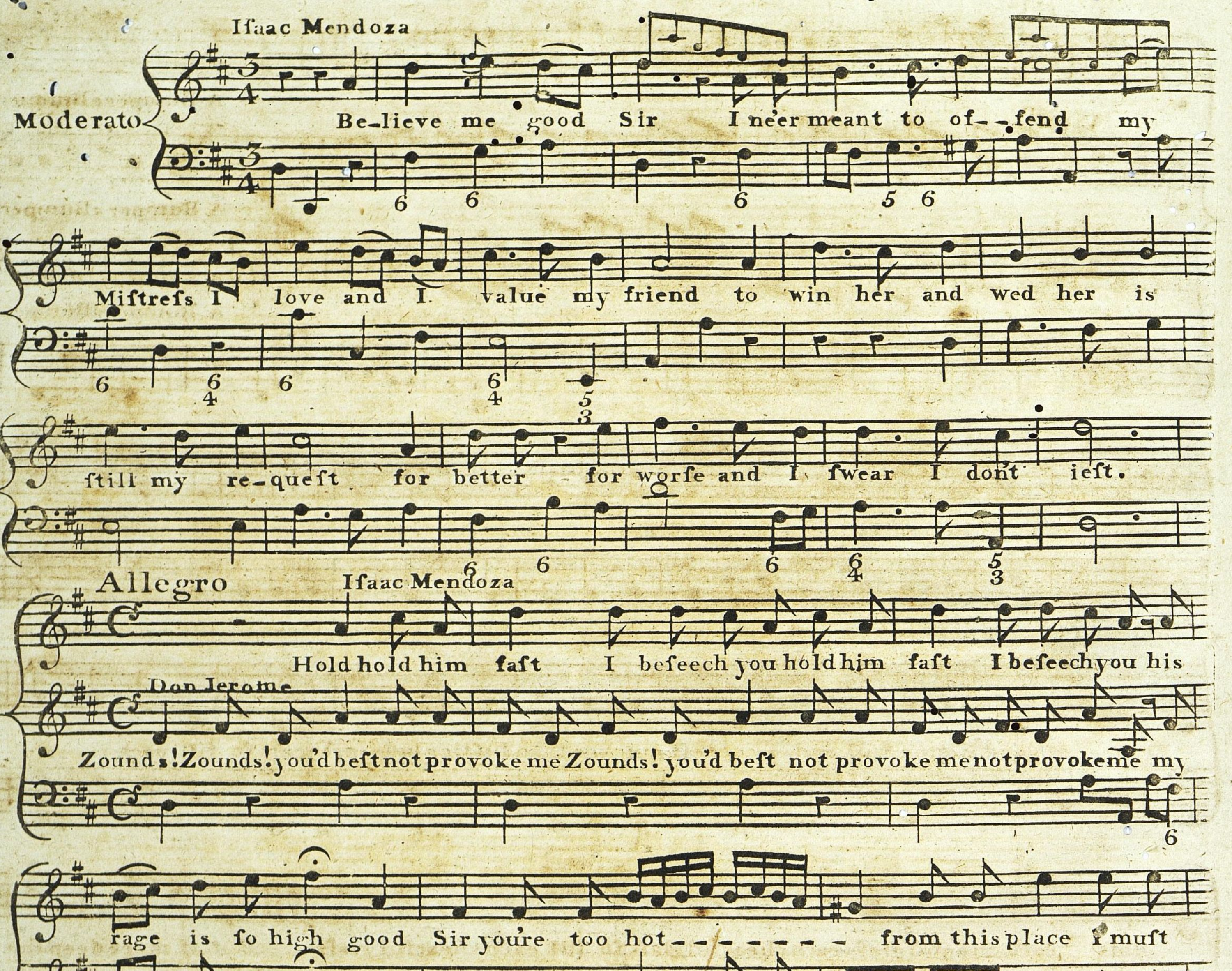
And tho' Wedlocks your view
Like a Rake if you woo
Girls sooner quit their coyness
They know beauty inspires
Less respect than desires
Hence Love is prov'd by boldness
So ne'er stand like a fool &c.

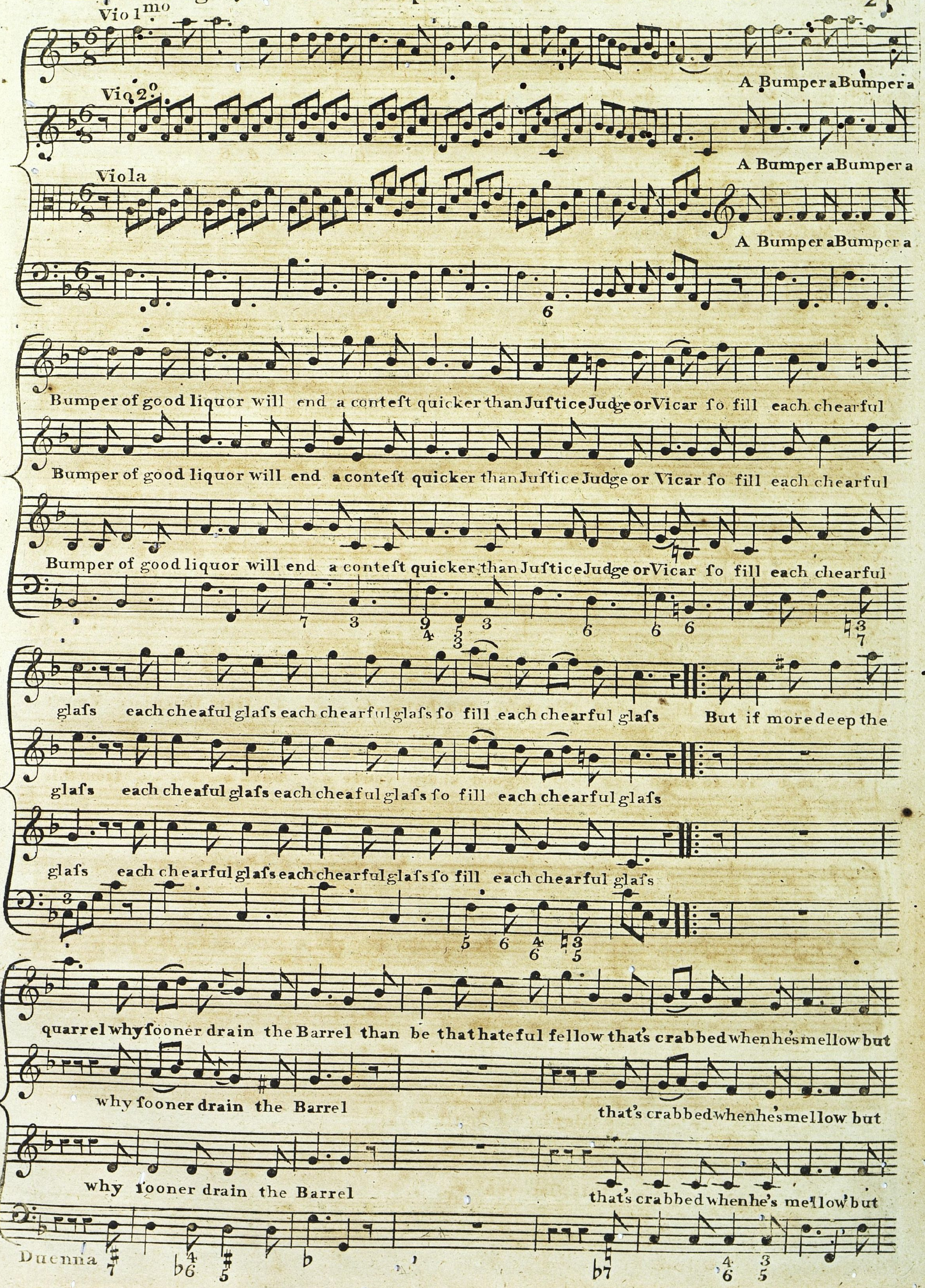


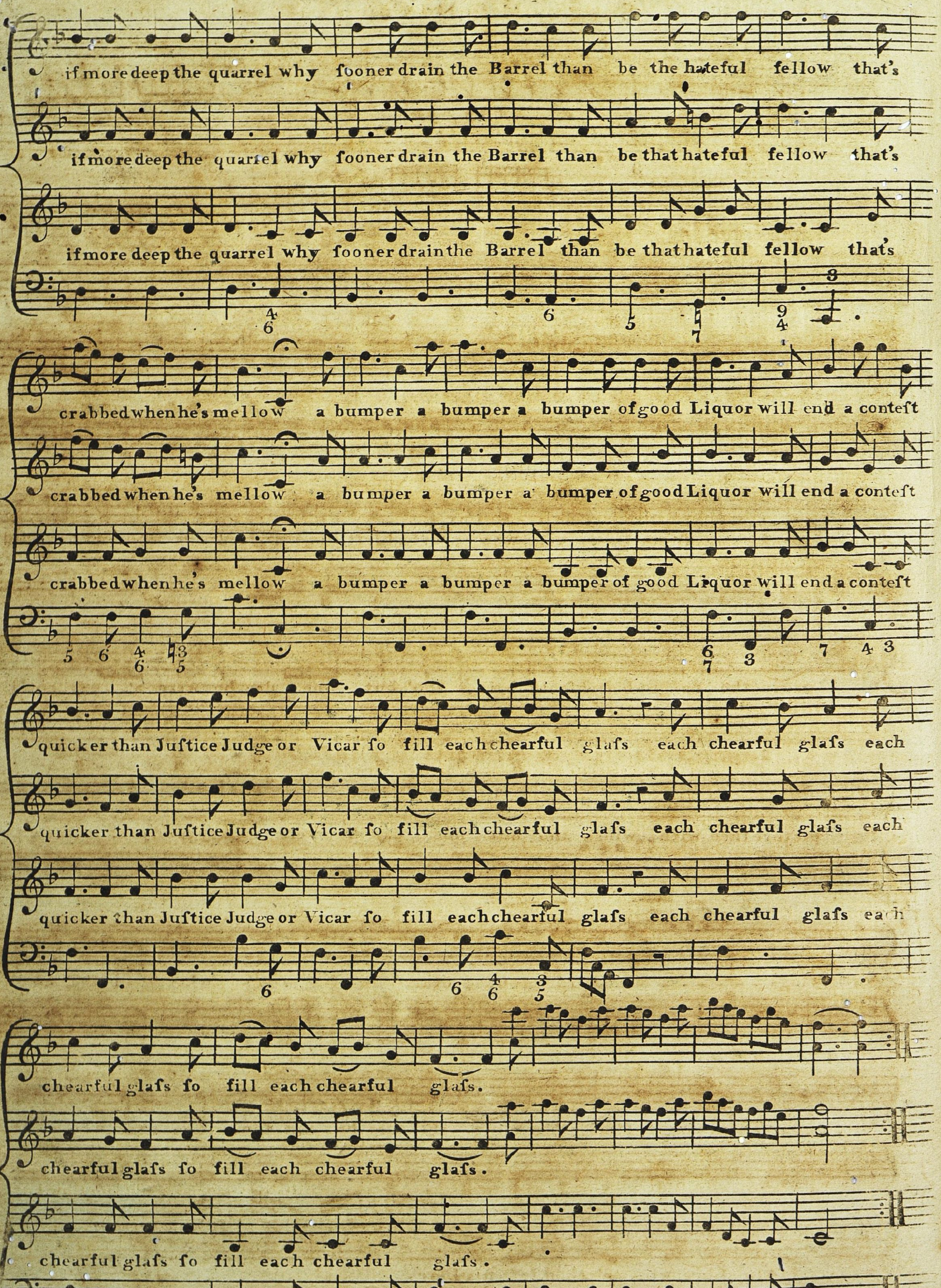
But in time appear fewer ſigns of fear;
The Youth ſhe boldly views:
If her hand he graſp, or her boſom claſp,
No mantling bluſh enſues!
Then to Church well pleaſ'd the Lovers move,
While her ſmiles her Contentment prove,
And a pit a pat &c.
Her heart avows her love!



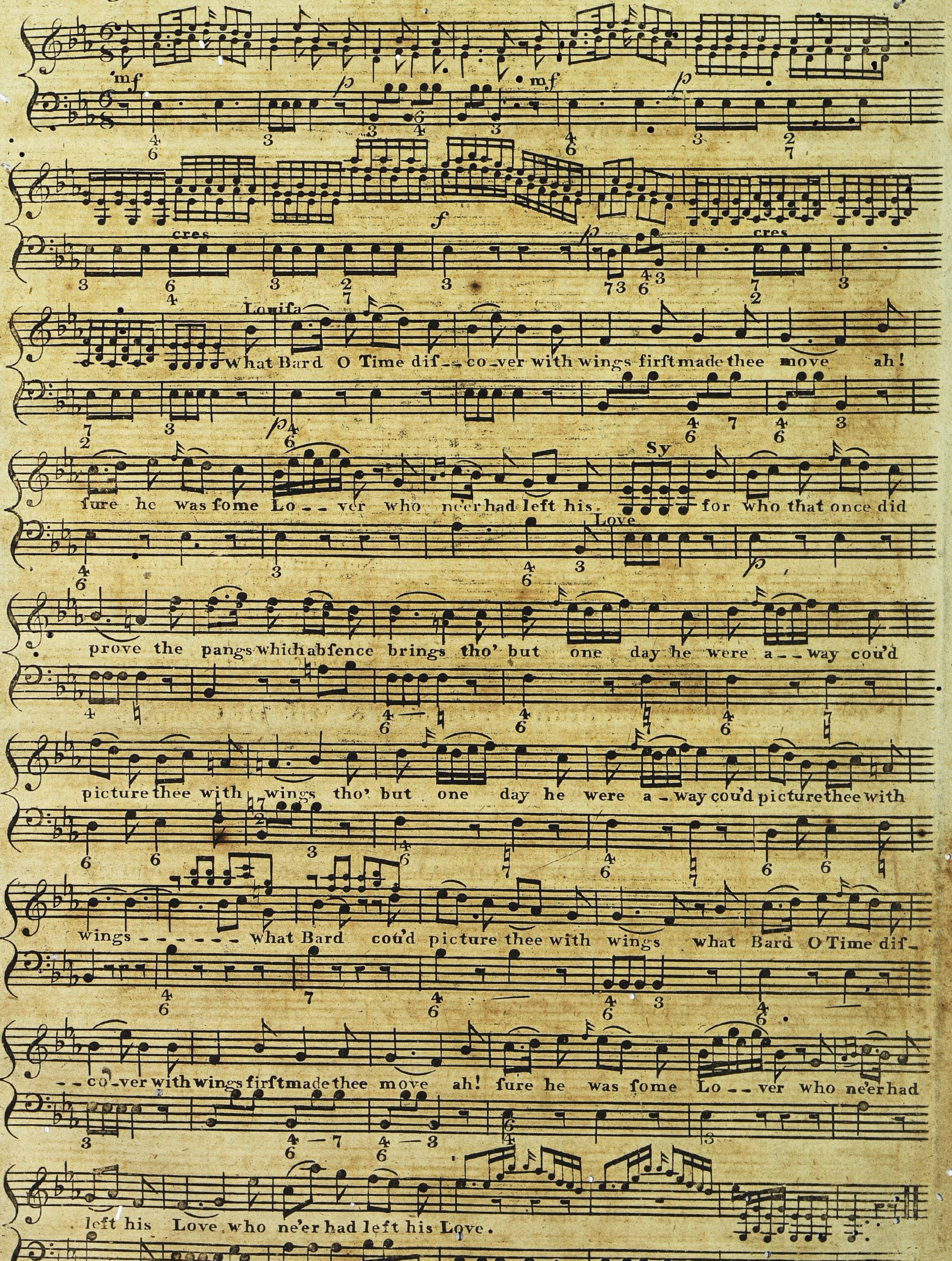
So mild your looks, your Children thence
Will early learn the taſk of duty
The Boys with all their Father's ſenſe,
The Girls with all their Mother's beauty!
O how charming to inherit
At once ſuch graces and ſuch ſpirit:
Thus while you live may Fortune give
Each bleſsing equal to your Merit!


Isaac Mendoza
Moderato
Be-lieve me good Sir I ne'er meant to of--fend my
Mistress I love and I value my friend to win her and wed her is
still my re-quest for better for worse and I swear I don't jest.
Allegro
Isaac Mendoza
Hold hold him fast I beseech you hold him fast I beseech you his
Don Jerome
Zounds! Zounds! you'd best not provoke me Zounds! you'd best not provoke me not provoke me my
rage is so high good Sir you're too hot from this place I must
rage is so high good knave you're a Sot from this
fly good Sir you're too hot you're too hot too hot too hot
place you'd best fly good knave you're a Sot a Sot a Sot a
and this place I must fly.
Sot this place you must fly.

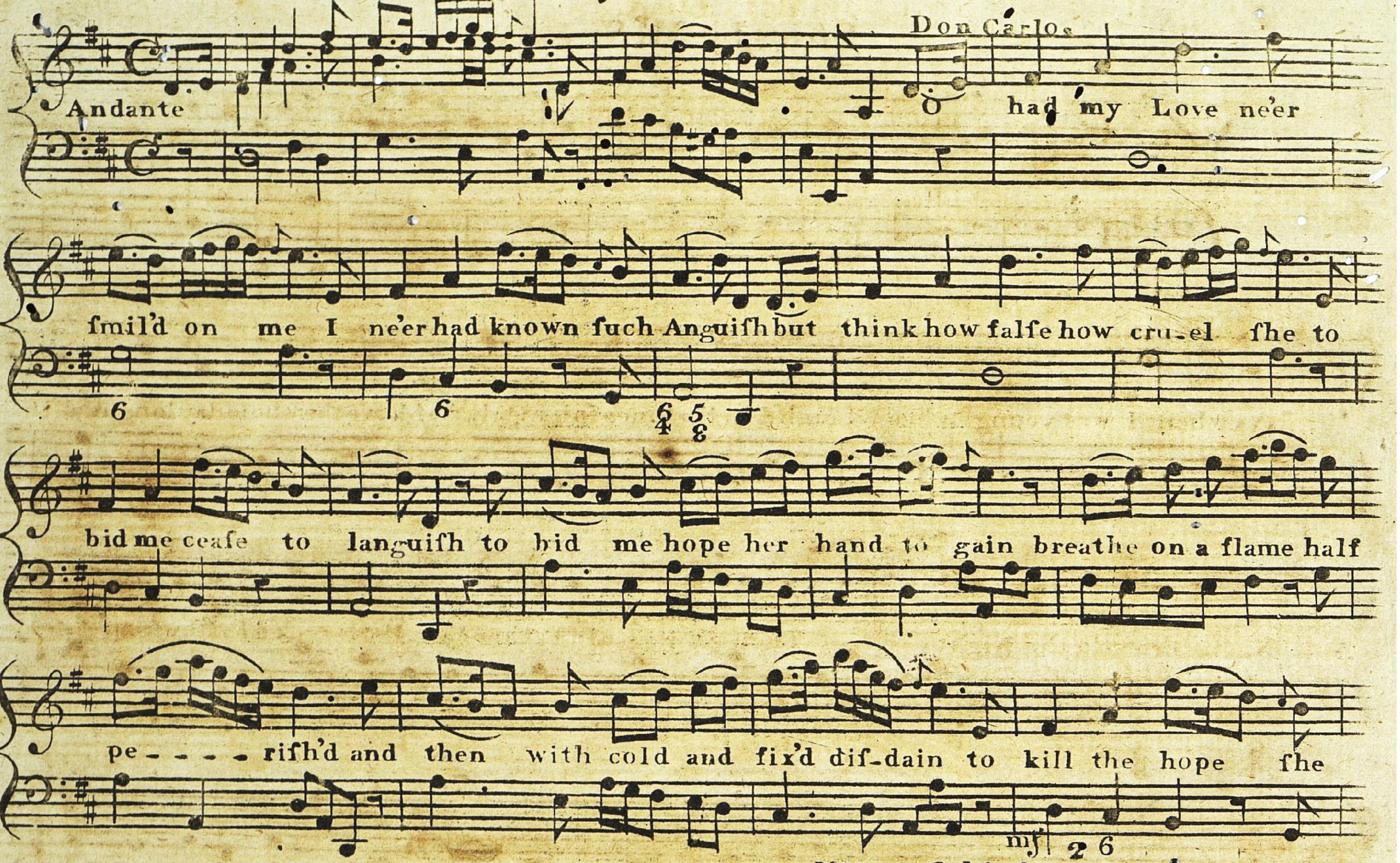

Vio 1mo
A Bumper a Bumper a
Vio 2o
A Bumper a Bumper a
Viola
A Bumper a Bumper a
Bumper of good liquor will end a contest quicker than Justice Judge or Vicar so fill each chearful
Bumper of good liquor will end a contest quicker than Justice Judge or Vicar so fill each chearful
Bumper of good liquor will end a contest quicker than Justice Judge or Vicar so fill each chearful
glass each cheaful glass each chearful glass so fill each chearful glass But if more deep the
glass each cheaful glass each cheaful glass so fill each chearful glass
glass each chearful glass each chearful glass so fill each chearful glass
quarrel why sooner drain the Barrel than be that hateful fellow that's crabbed when he's mellow but
why sooner drain the Barrel that's crabbed when he's mellow but
why sooner drain the Barrel that's crabbed when he's mellow but

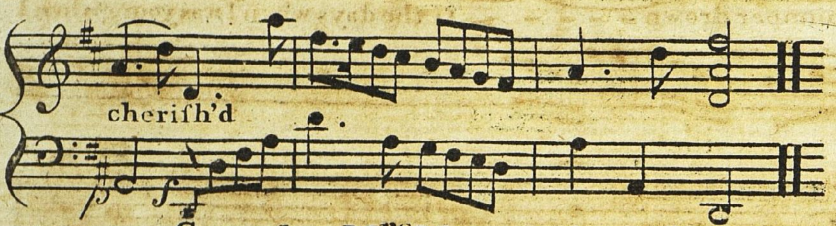

if more deep the quarrel why ſooner drain the Barrel than be the hateful fellow that's
if more deep the quarrel why ſooner drain the Barrel than be that hateful fellow that's
if more deep the quarrel why ſooner drain the Barrel than be that hateful fellow that's
crabbed when he's mellow a bumper a bumper a bumper of good Liquor will end a conteſt
crabbed when he's mellow a bumper a bumper a bumper of good Liquor will end a conteſt
crabbed when he's mellow a bumper a bumper a bumper of good Liquor will end a conteſt
quicker than Juſtice Judge or Vicar ſo fill each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs each
quicker than Juſtice Judge or Vicar ſo fill each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs each
quicker than Juſtice Judge or Vicar ſo fill each chearful glaſs each chearful glaſs each
chearful glaſs ſo fill each chearful glaſs.
chearful glaſs ſo fill each chearful glaſs.
chearful glaſs ſo fill each chearful glaſs.

Larghetto **Sung by Miſs De Camp**



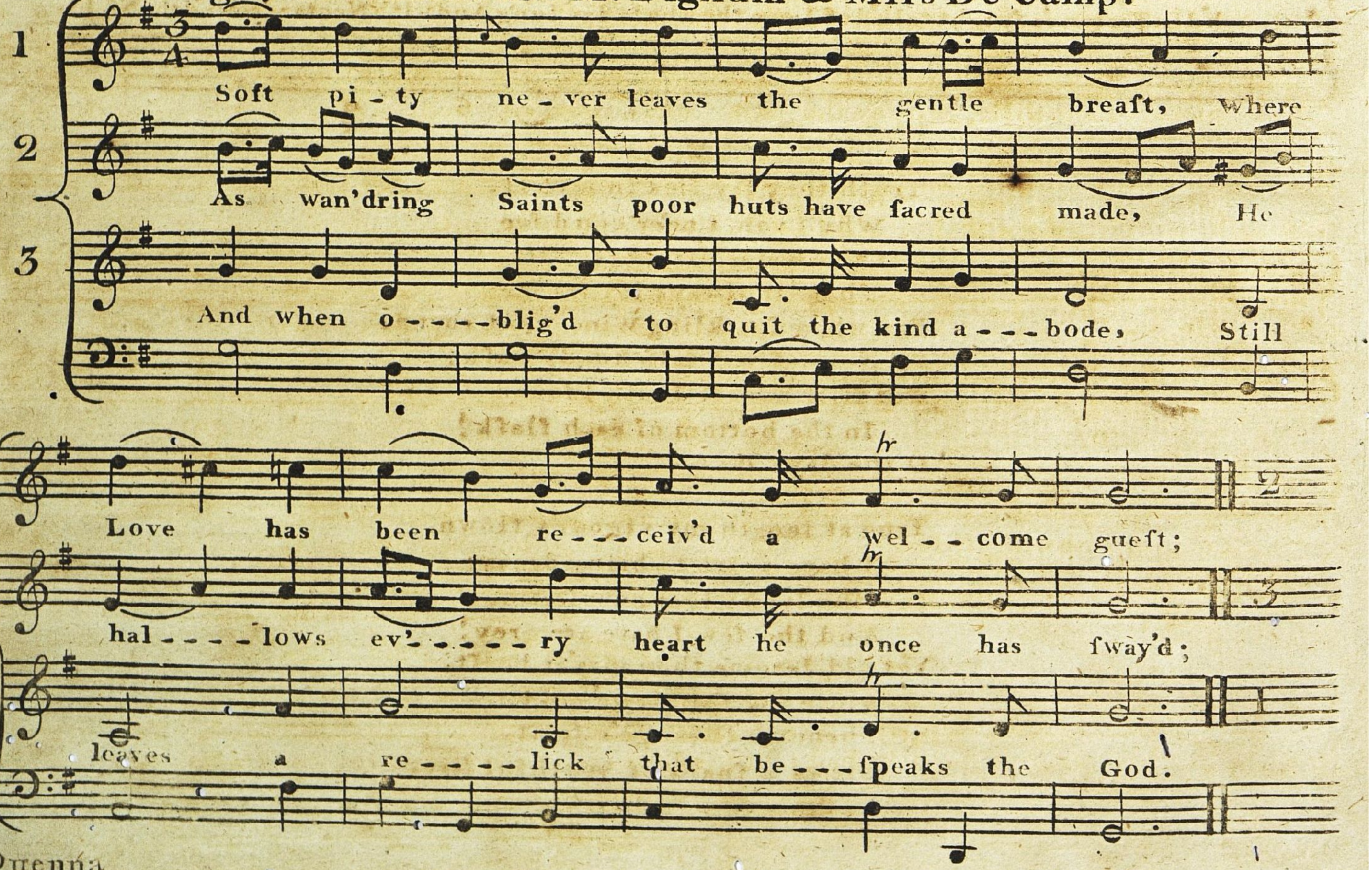
Sung by Mrs. Mountain.



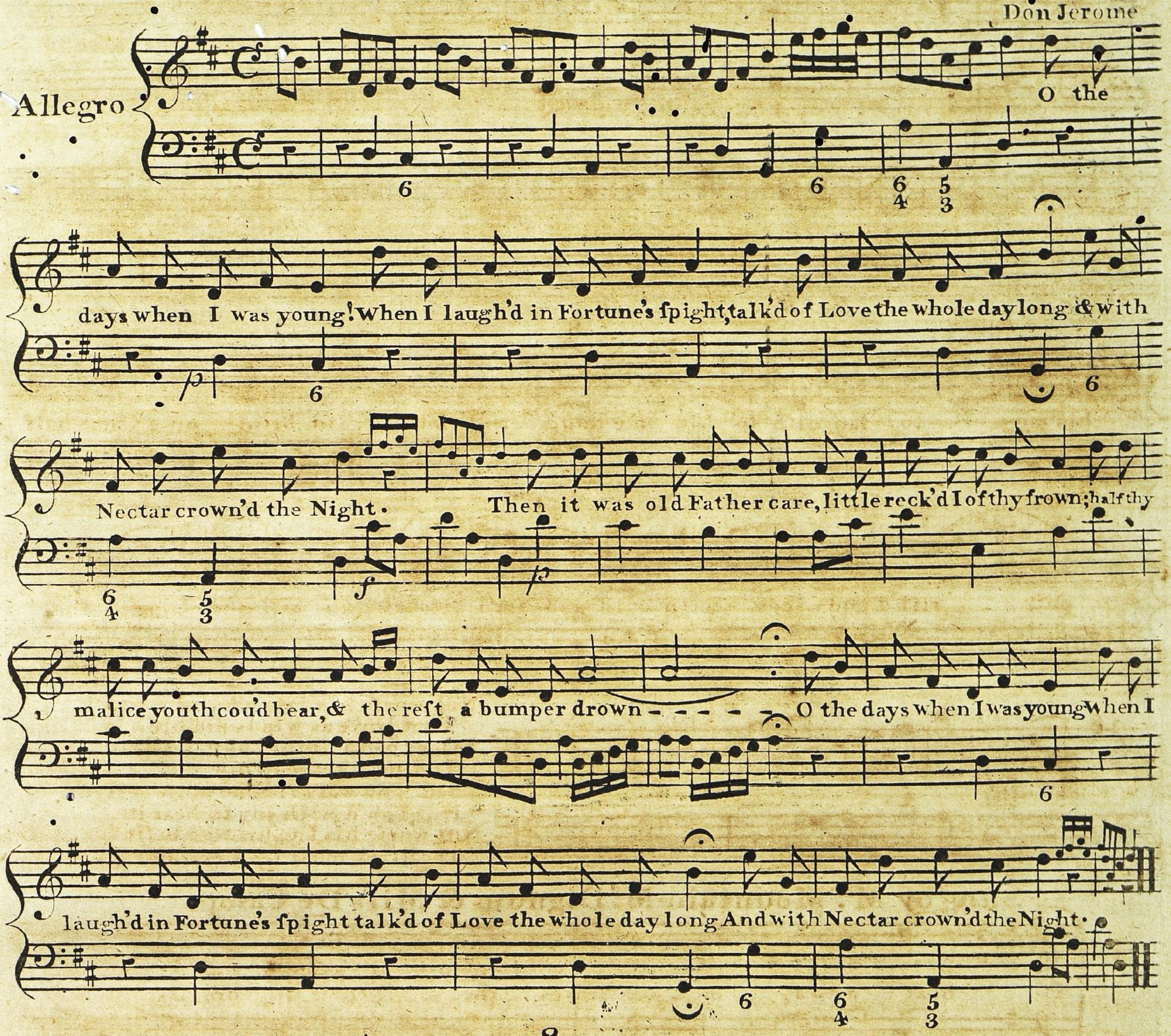


Not worfe his fate who on a wreck
That drove as winds did blow it
Silent had left the fhatter'd deck
To find a grave below it:
Then land was cried no more refign'd
He glow'd with joy to hear it
Not worfe his fate his woe to find
The wreck muft fink e'er near it.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain Mr. Dignum & Mifs De Camp.



Sung by Mr. Suett.



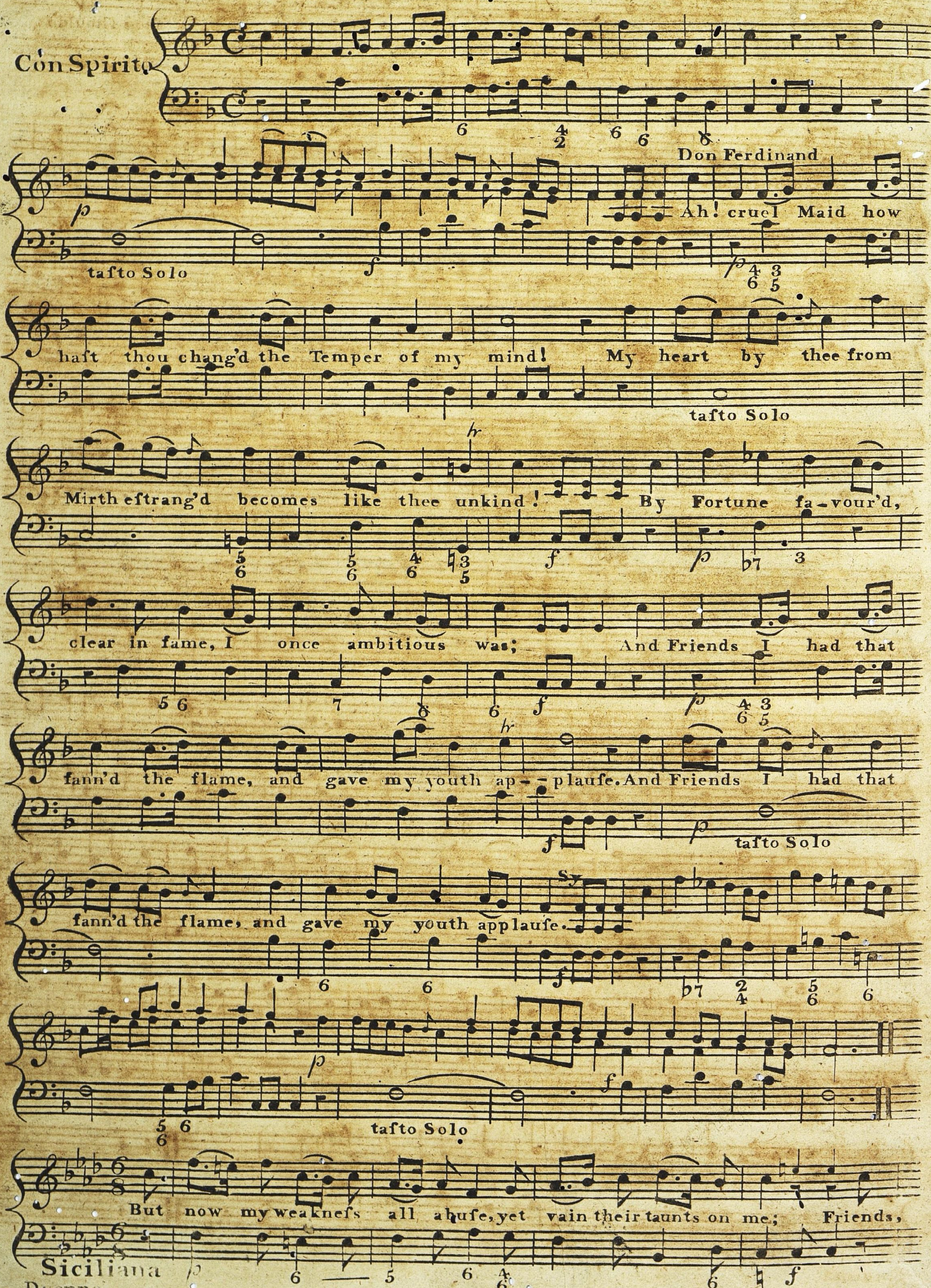
2

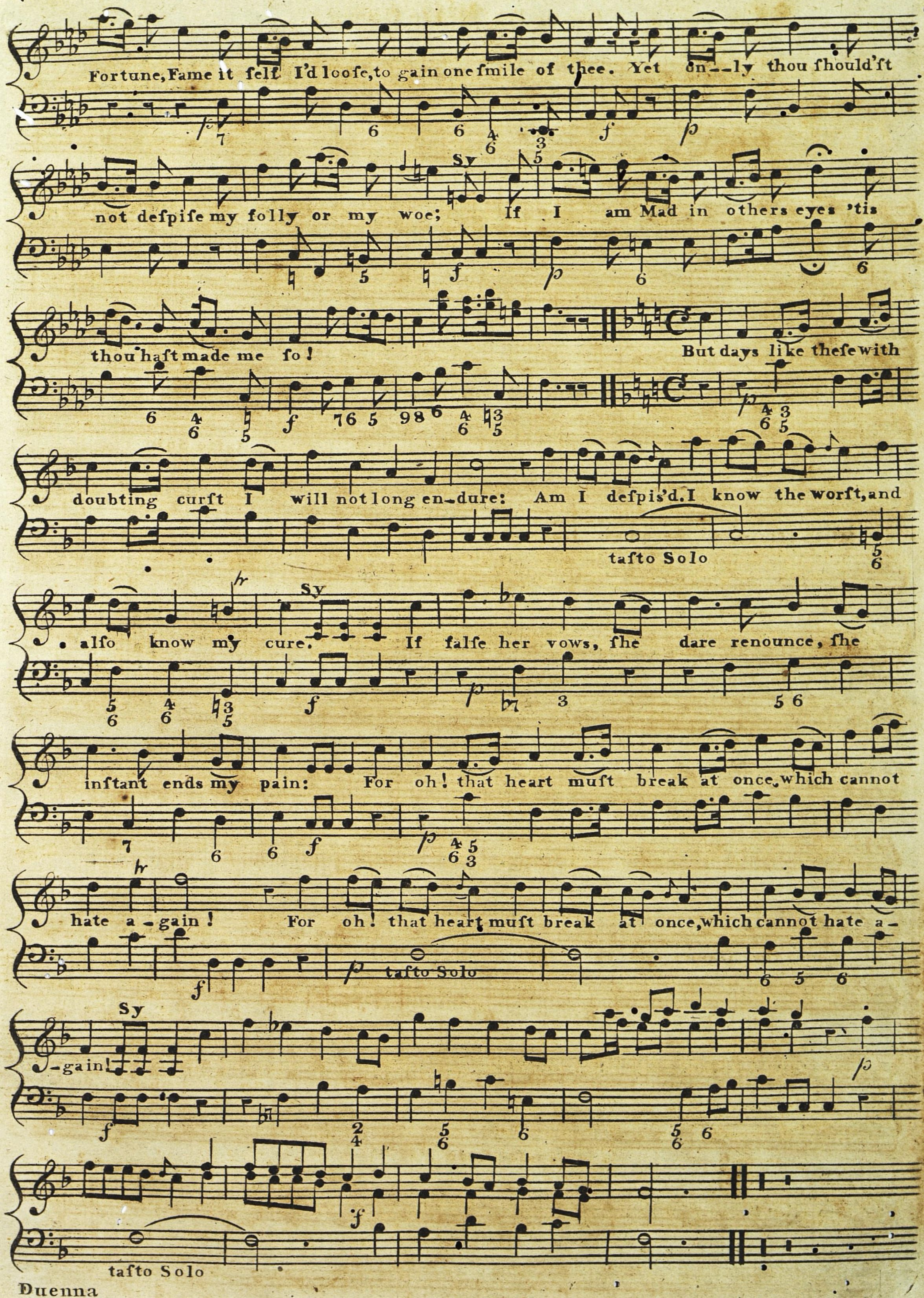
Truth they ſay lies in a Well,
Why I vow I ne'er coud ſee
Let the Water drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me:
For when ſparkling Wine went round,
Never ſaw I falſehood's maſk;
But ſtill honeſt Truth I found
In the bottom of each flaſk!
O the days &c.

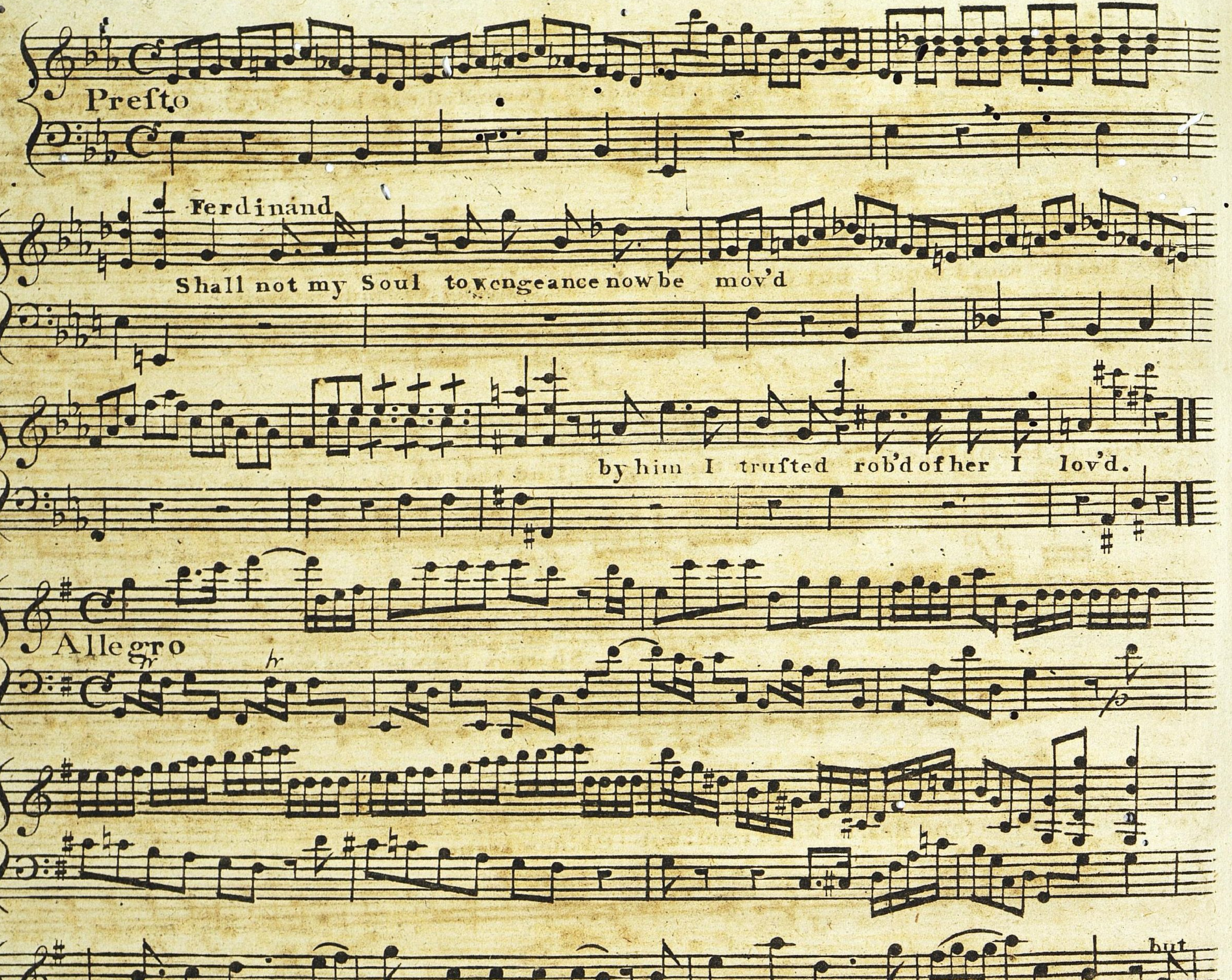
3

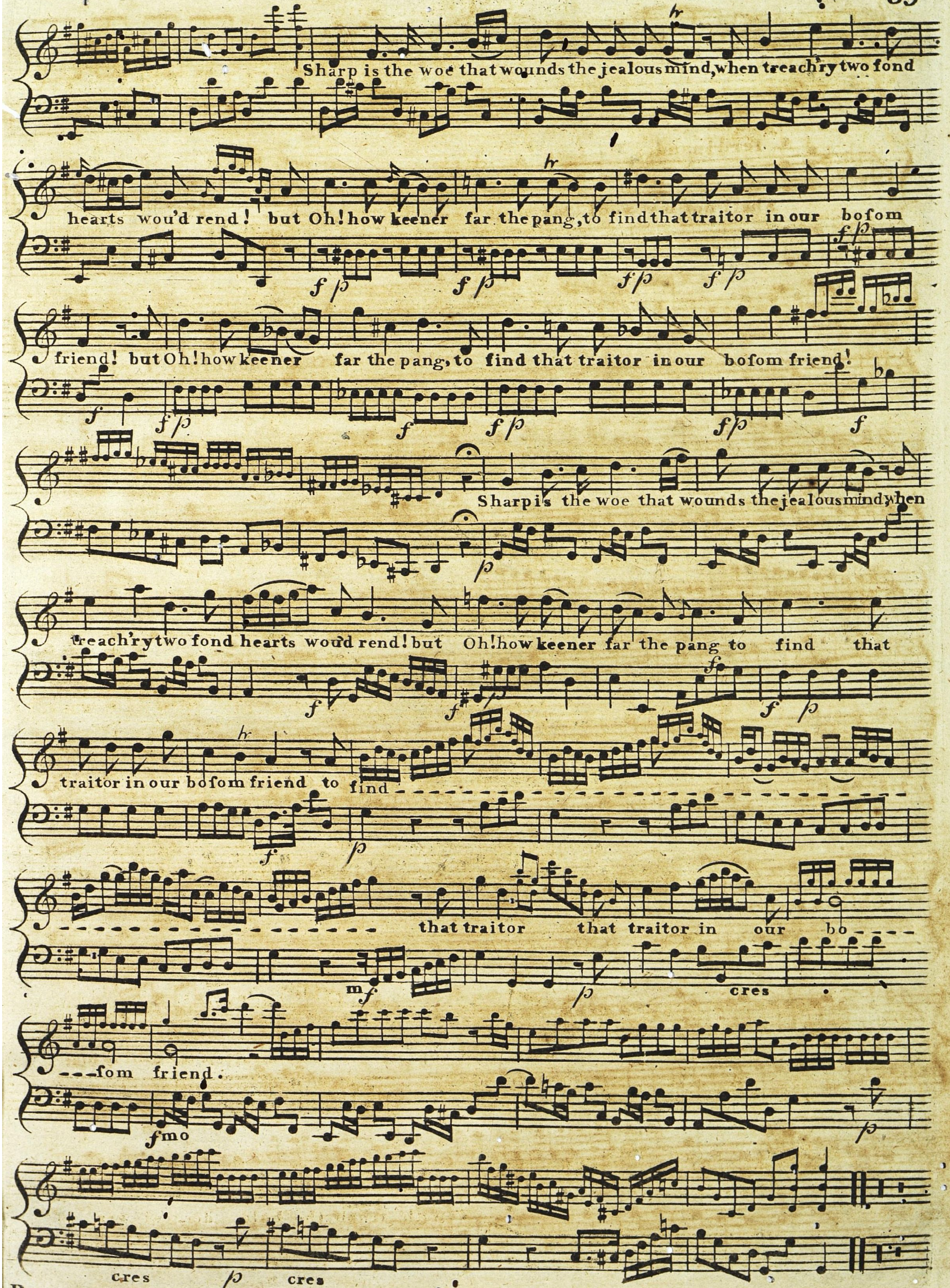
True at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey!
Yet old Jerome thou may'ſt boaſt,
While thy ſpirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy Age's froſt
Glows a ſpark of youthful fire.
O the days &c.

Sung by Mr. De Camp.




Fortune, Fame it self I'd loose, to gain one smile of thee. Yet on--ly thou should'st
not despise my folly or my woe; If I am Mad in others eyes 'tis
thou hast made me so! But days like these with
doubting curst I will not long en-dure: Am I despis'd. I know the worst, and
also know my cure. If false her vows, she dare renounce, she
instant ends my pain: For oh! that heart must break at once, which cannot
hate a-gain! For oh! that heart must break at once, which cannot hate a-
-gain!
Sy
tasto Solo


Presto
Ferdinand
Shall not my Soul to vengeance now be mov'd
by him I trusted rob'd of her I lov'd.
Allegro
Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind
when treach'ry
two fond hearts would rend
but
Oh! how keener far the pang, to find
that traitor
that
traitor in our bosom friend!
cres

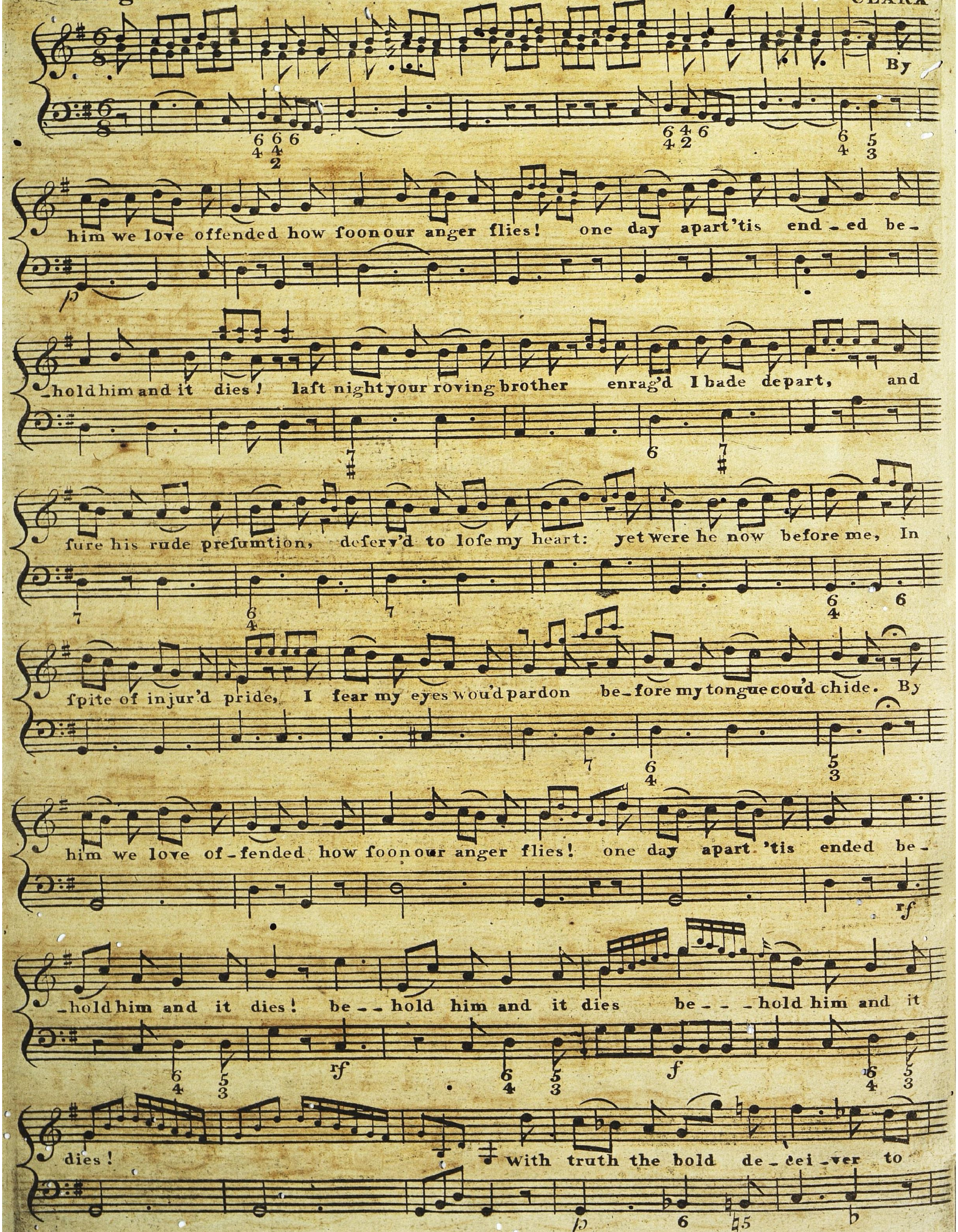

Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind, when treach'ry two fond
hearts wou'd rend! but Oh! how keener far the pang, to find that traitor in our bosom
friend! but Oh! how keener far the pang, to find that traitor in our bosom friend!
f p f p f p f p f p
Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind, when
treach'ry two fond hearts woud rend! but Oh! how keener far the pang to find that
traitor in our bosom friend to find
that traitor that traitor in our bo
fom friend.
mf p cres fmo p
cres p cres

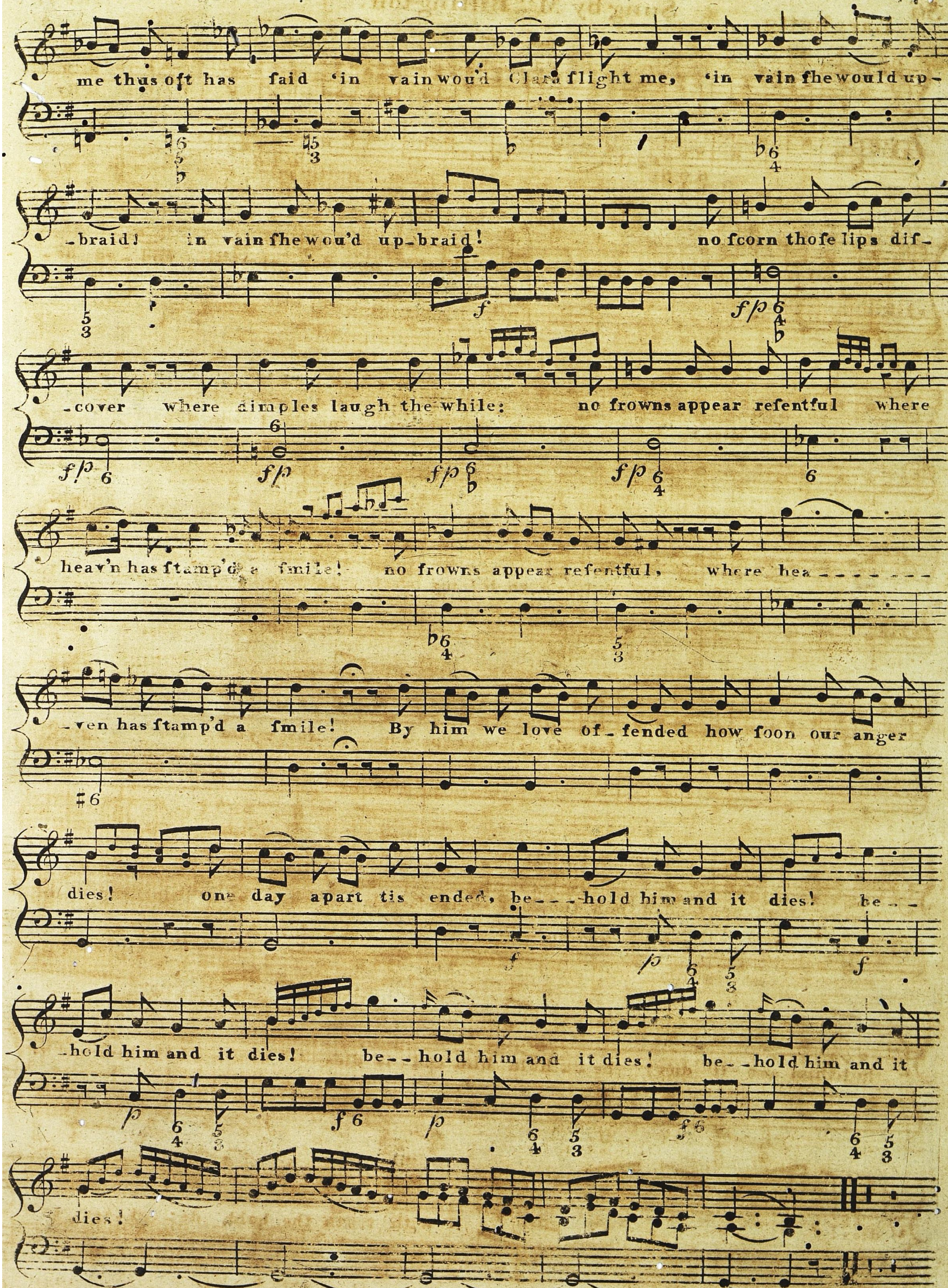
Sung by Mrs. Billington.

Price 6d.

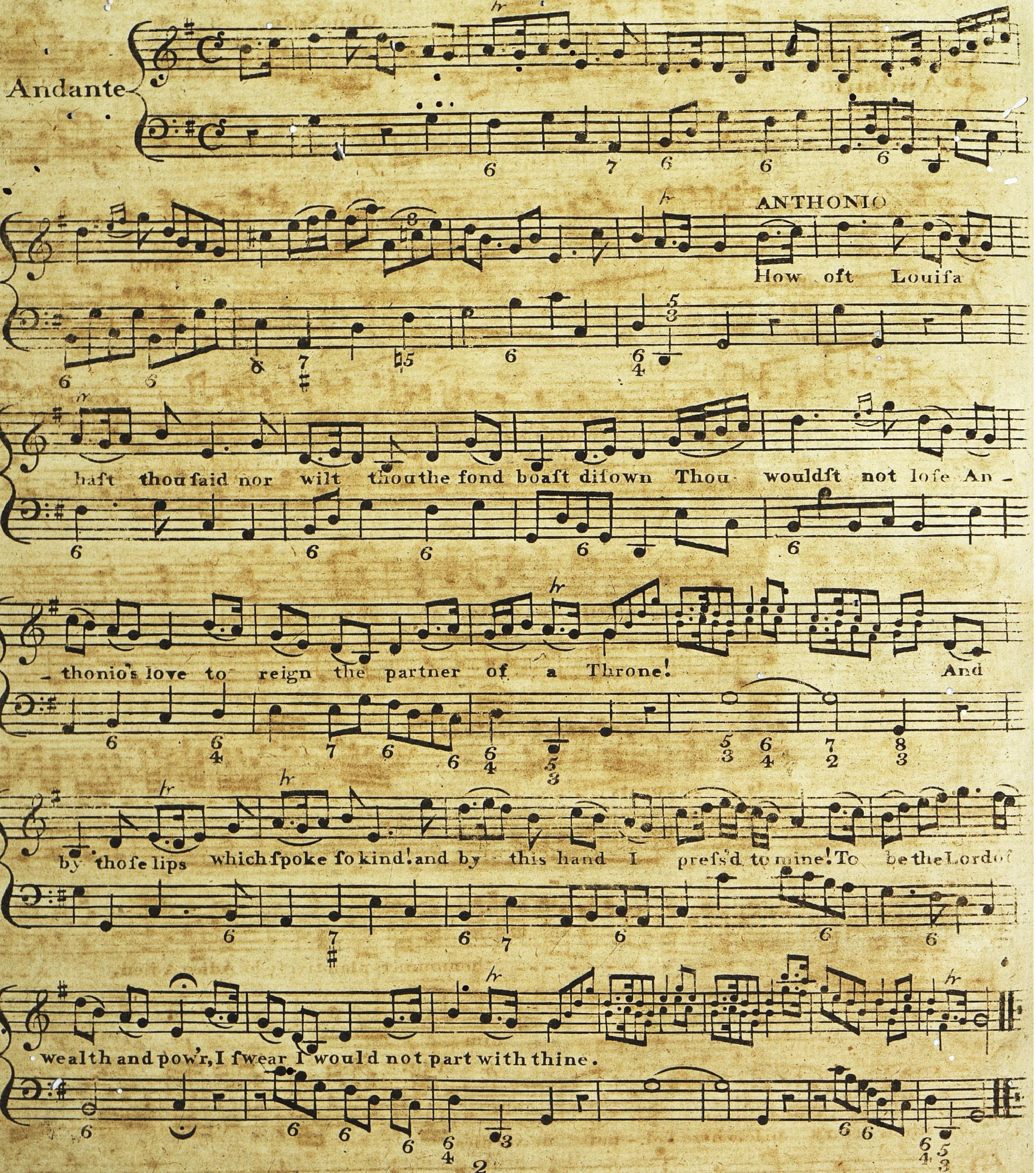
CLARA

Larghetto



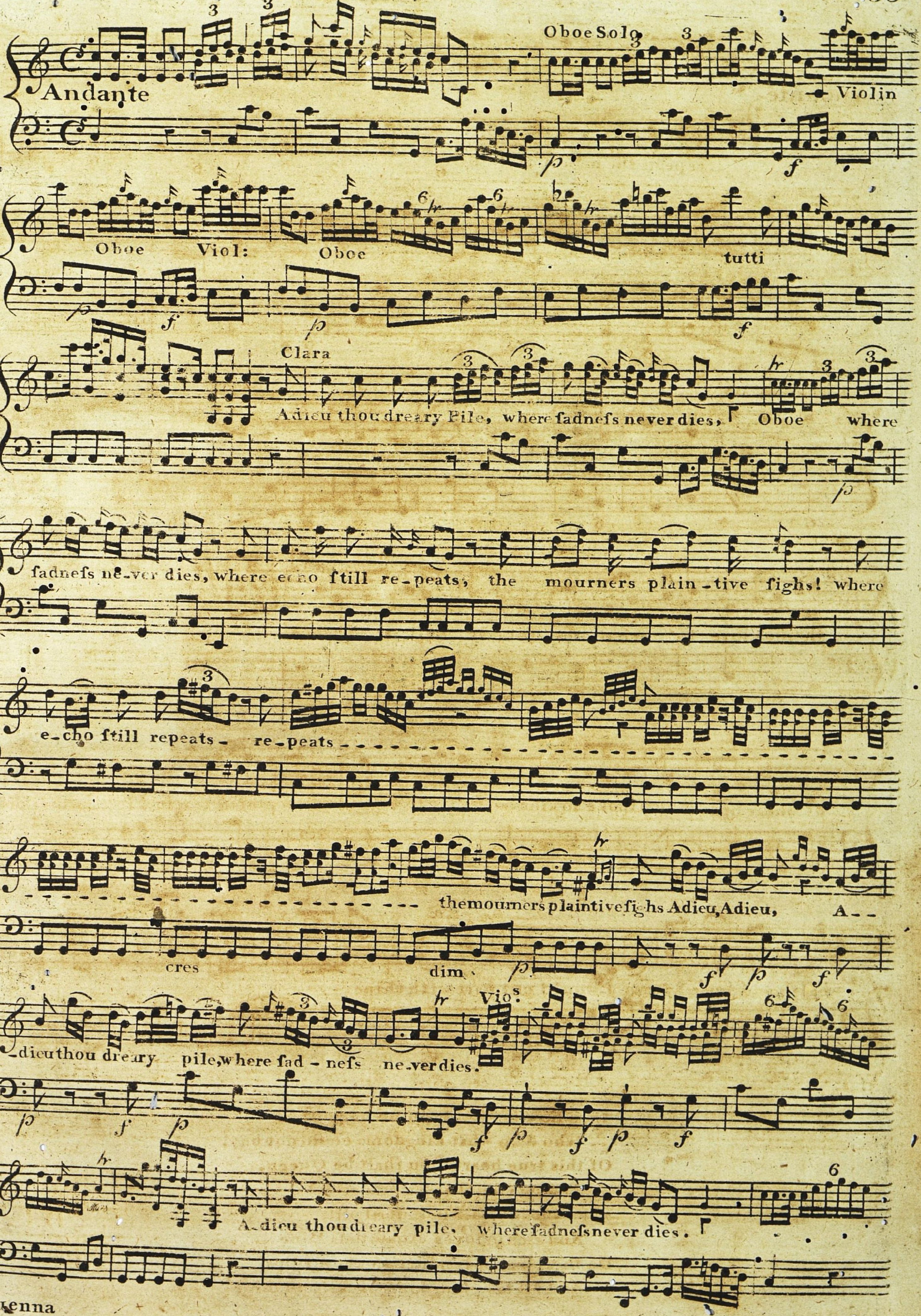

me thus oft has faid 'in vain wou'd Clara flight me, 'in vain fhe would up-
-braid! in vain fhe wou'd up-braid! no fcorn thofe lips dif-
-cover where dimples laugh the while: no frowns appear refentful where
heav'n has ftamp'd a fmile! no frowns appear refentful, where hea - - - - - - -
-ven has ftamp'd a fmile! By him we love of-fended how foon our anger
dies! one day apart tis ended, be - - - hold him and it dies! be - -
-hold him and it dies! be - - hold him and it dies! be - - hold him and it
dies!

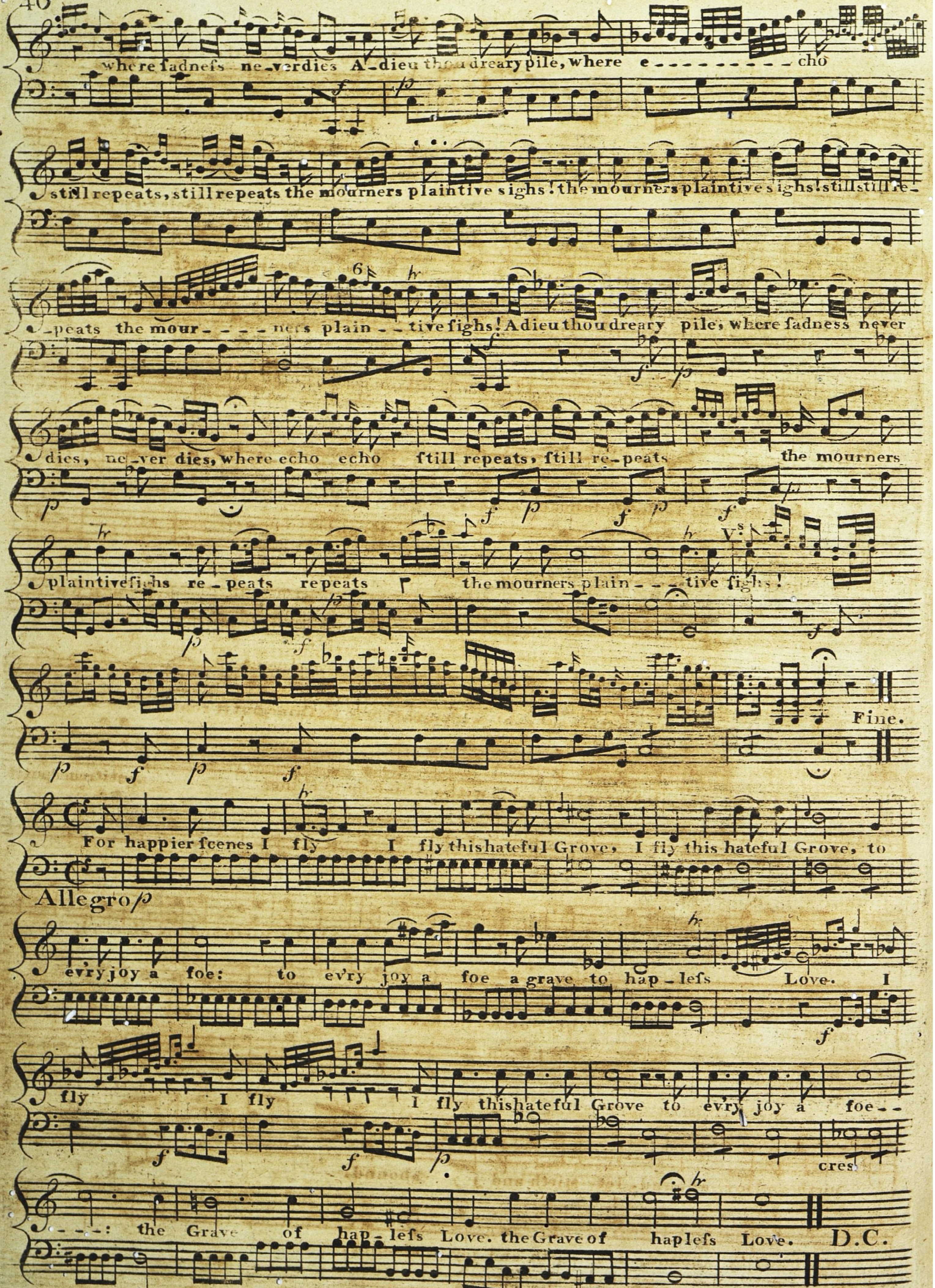
Sung by Mr. Dignum.

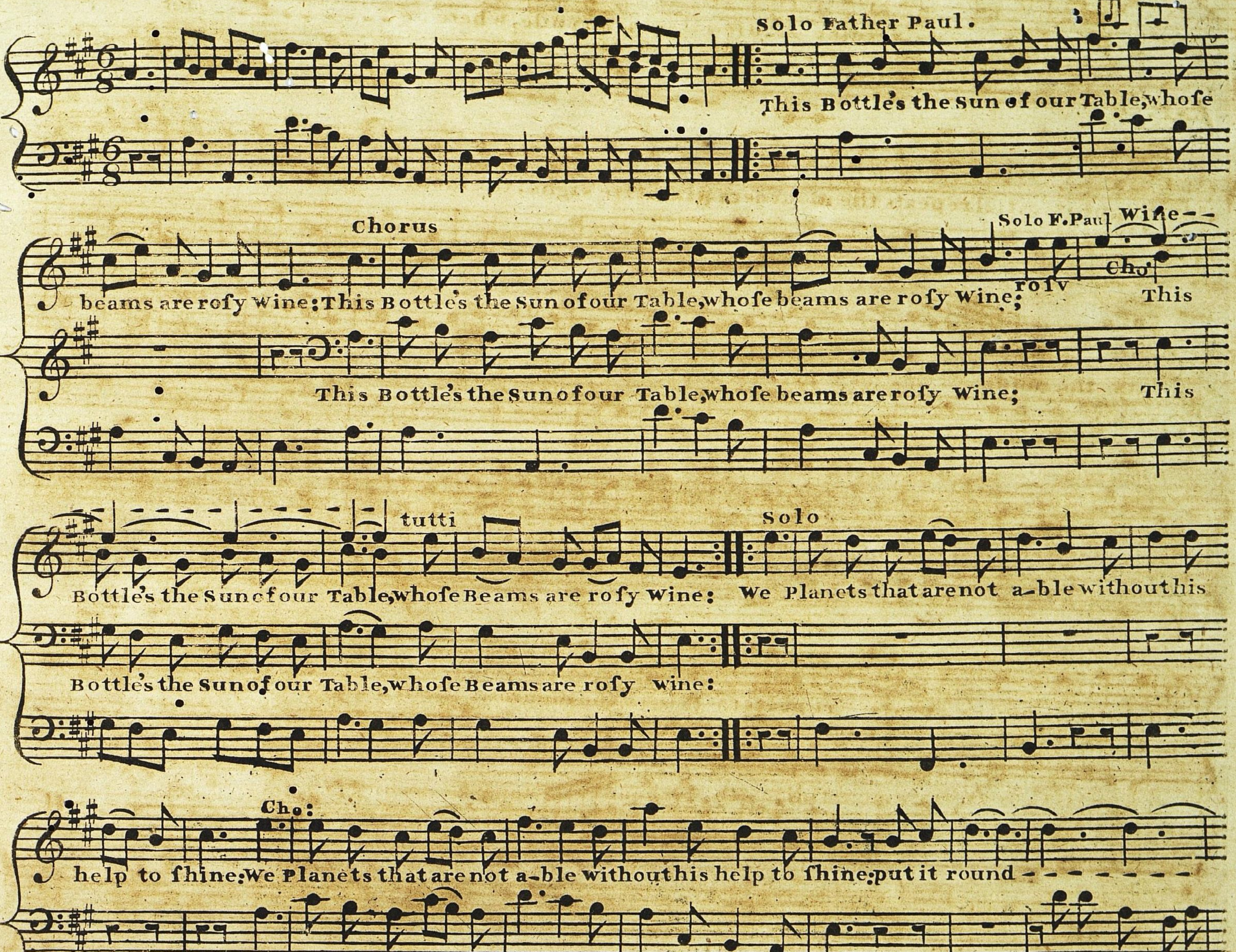


2

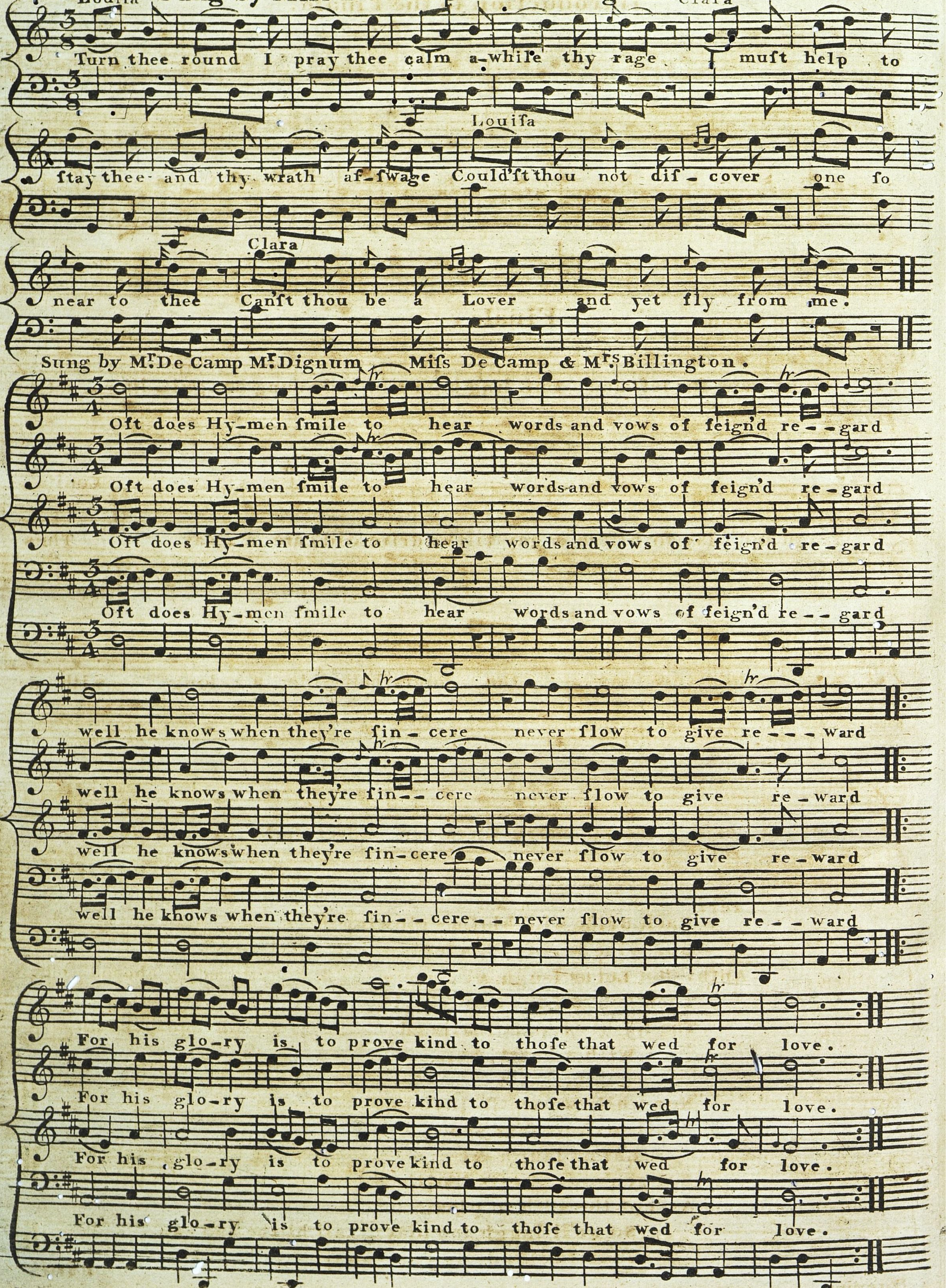
Then how my Soul can we be poor
Who own what kingdoms could not buy!
Of this true heart thou fhalt be Queen,
And ferving thee — a Monarch I.
Thus uncontroul'd in mutual blifs
And rich in love's exhauftlefs Mine
Do thou fnatch treafures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

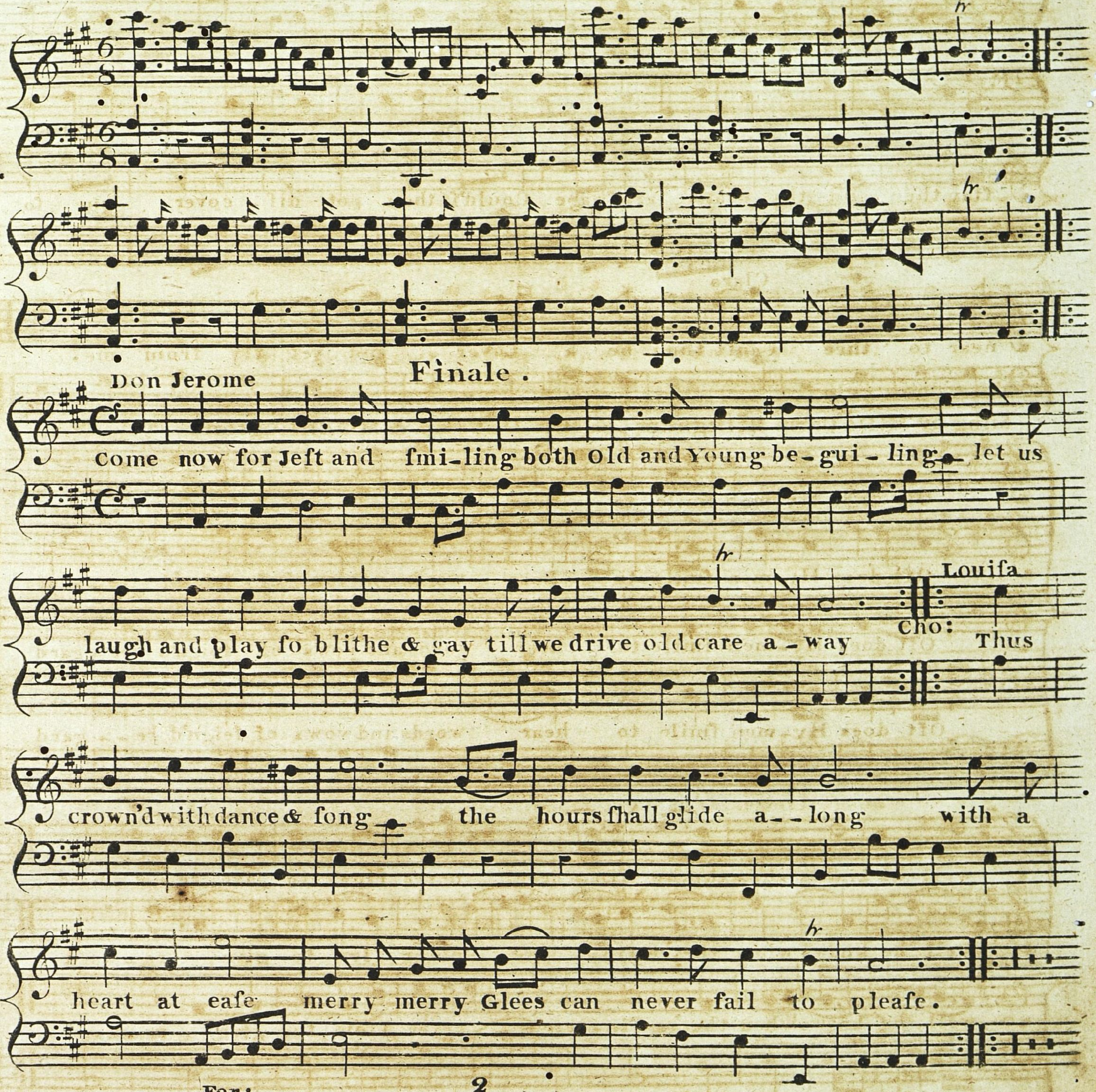

Andante
Oboe Solo
Violin
Oboe
Viol:
Oboe
tutti
Clara
Adieu thou dreary Pile, where sadness never dies,
Oboe
where sadness ne-ver dies, where echo still re-peats, the mourners plain-tive sighs! where
e-cho still repeats re-peats
the mourners plaintive sighs Adieu, Adieu, A-
cres
dim
dieu thou dreary pile, where sad-ness ne-ver dies.
Vios.
A-dieu thou dreary pile, where sadness never dies.


where ſadneſs ne_ver dies A_dieu thou dreary pile, where e - - - - - - - - - - cho
still repeats, still repeats the mourners plaintive sighs! the mourners plaintive sighs! still still re-
_peats the mour- - - - ners plain- - tive ſighs! Adieu thou dreary pile, where ſadness never
dies, ne_ver dies, where echo echo ſtill repeats, ſtill re_peats the mourners
plaintive ſighs re_peats repeats the mourners plain- - - tive ſighs!
Fine.
For happier ſcenes I fly I fly this hateful Grove, I fly this hateful Grove, to
Allegro
evry joy a foe: to evry joy a foe a grave to hap_leſs Love. I
fly I fly I fly this hateful Grove to evry joy a foe - -
cres
- - -: the Grave of hap_leſs Love. the Grave of hapleſs Love. D.C.


Solo Father Paul.
This Bottle's the Sun of our Table, whose
Chorus
Solo F. Paul
Wine
beams are rosy Wine; This Bottle's the Sun of our Table, whose beams are rosy Wine;
rosy
Cho:
This
This Bottle's the Sun of our Table, whose beams are rosy Wine;
This
tutti
Solo
Bottle's the Sun of our Table, whose Beams are rosy Wine:
We Planets that are not a-ble without this
Bottle's the Sun of our Table, whose Beams are rosy wine:
Cho:
help to shine: We Planets that are not a-ble without this help to shine; put it round
We Planets that are not a-ble without this help to shine:
put it round put it
-, Let Mirth & glee abound
This Bottle's the Sun of our Table, let Mirth and joy abound. let
round,
This Bottle's the Sun of our Table, let Mirth and joy abound. let
Mirth and joy abound. let Mirth and joy abound.
Mirth and joy abound. let Mirth and joy abound.

Sung by Miſs De Camp & Mrs Billington.





2

Fer: Each Bride with bluſhes glowing
Our Wine is roſy flowing
Anth: Let us laugh &c.
Then healths to ev'ry friend
The Nights repaſt ſhall end
With a heart &c.

3

Clara Nor while we are ſo joyous
Shall anxious fear annoy us
Cho: Let us laugh &c
For gen'rous gueſts like theſe
Accept the wiſh to pleaſe
So we'll laugh and play ___ all blithe and gay
Your ſmiles drive care away.

Fine.